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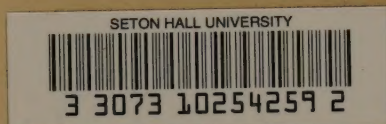
THE

# SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

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VOL. I.

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A COLLECTION OF

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY SONGS.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

J. PITTMAN AND COLIN BROWN.

THE POETRY EDITED (WITH NOTES) BY

DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

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# INTRODUCTION.

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THE Music and the Poetry of Scotland, like the Scottish people, have a two-fold origin, and must be viewed under a double aspect. The first and oldest music of Scotland is that of the Highlands, a music that has come down from the dim and shadowy period of early tradition rather than from that of authentic history—from the vague remote times when Fingal fought and Ossian sang, and when the druidical priesthood, chanted their sacred hymns to the accompaniment of the harp as they marched in solemn procession round their stone circles or clachans. The great bulk of Highland song and ballad music, mostly composed in the melancholy minor key, is more adapted to be sung to the harp than to any other instrument except to its legitimate successor, the modern pianoforte. Few of the old melodies are available for performance on the bagpipe, which is now considered the national instrument of the Gael, though it only became general in the Highlands in the sixteenth century, and such tunes as are performed on that instrument are but little adapted to the human voice. For the pibroch or battle-march, for the coronach or death-wail, or for the reel and strathspey, nothing can be finer than the music of the pipe, and—despite the dislike or contempt of superfine musicians and those who ignorantly affect to consider the instrument a barbarous one—it is capable either of melting the Highlanders to tears of genuine emotion or of provoking them either to the combat or the dance, as it suits the pleasure or the purpose of the player. As a warlike instrument the bagpipe has no equal.

There still survive many beautiful Highland melodies—unprinted and unknown to the Lowlands—which are sometimes heard in remote glens and straths at sheep-shearing and harvest, when they are sung in chorus by the work-people with a fine effect. But during the present century Highland music has become rare in the Highlands, for the reason that emigration, voluntary or compulsory, to the United States, to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, has rendered all but solitary many a romantic district which was formerly populous with a hardy and warlike race, and deprived the country of its best products—brave men and fair women—and converted the farms and shielings of an honest people into sheep-walks or deer-forests, solitudes, sacred only to the grouse and the autumnal visits of London sportsmen. Thus many of the pathetic *luinigs*, or old harp melodies, which may have been sung in the pre-historic ages, are dying or have died out.

In the Introduction to Patrick MacDonald's Collection of Highland Vocal Airs, published towards the close of the last century, and which contains many of the best of these melodies, which have never yet been adapted to English words, and of which for the most part even the Gaelic poetry has been lost, the singing of the *luinigs* by the women and of *iorrans* by the men—once common in the Hebrides and over all the West and North Highlands—are thus described:—"Over all the Highlands there are various songs which are sung to airs suited to the nature of the subject. But on the western coast, and in all the Hebrides, the *luinigs* are most in request. These are in general very short and of a plaintive cast—analogous to their best poetry—and they are sung by the women, not only at their diversions, but also during almost every kind of work where more than one person is employed, in milking cows, and watching the folds, fulling the cloth, grinding of grain with the *quern*, or hand-mill, hay-making, and cutting down corn. The men, too, have *iorrans*, or songs for rowing, to which they keep time with their oars, as the women likewise do in their operations whenever their work admits of it. When the same airs are sung in their hours of relaxation, the time is marked by the motions of napkins, or pocket-handkerchiefs, which the performers lay hold of. In singing, one person leads the band; but in a certain part of the tune he stops to take breath, while the rest strike in and complete the air, pronouncing to it a chorus of words and syllables generally of no signification.

"These songs greatly animate every person present, and hence, when the labourers appear to flag, a *luinig* is called for, which makes them for a time forget their toil, and work with redoubled ardour. In travelling through the remote Highlands in harvest, the sound of those little bands on every side, 'warbling their native wood-notes wild,' joined to a most romantic scenery, has a very pleasing effect on the mind of a stranger."

But all this is little more than a memory of the past; not for want of beauty in the airs, or want of heart to sing them, but, as already observed, for want of people.

Where the fair-headed, blue-eyed, rosy babes of the Norland,  
Bathed in the burn, making merry the long summer noon;  
Comes the red deer undismayed from his haunts in the moorland,  
Slaking his thirst where the Loch shows its breast to the moon.  
Where in the days long departed  
Maidens sat singing light-hearted,  
Sounds but the roar of the flood or the whisper of rills,  
Voices of human kind  
Freight not the vacant wind,  
Music and laughter are mute on the tenantless hills.



The music of the Lowlands is that of a people who are more largely descended from Saxon, Danish, and Scandinavian, than from Celtic ancestors. It differs from that of the Highlands, and is of another order of beauty. The Highlanders borrowed none of their melodies from the Lowlanders, but the Lowlanders borrowed so many from the Highlanders that perhaps as many as one half of the Scottish tunes now current in the world had their origin among the Gael.

The very earliest mention of any Scottish songs written in the Scottish dialect—which is in reality old English—dates from the year 1286, when Alexander III, King of Scotland, was killed by a fall from his horse, to the great grief of the nation—inasmuch as the fatality opened up the gloomy prospect of a disputed succession and a Civil War. Portions of this song are preserved in Wintoun's Chronicle of Scottish History written about the year 1420. Another early song dates from the year 1296, when King Edward I. of England, surnamed Longshanks, invaded Scotland, and attempted to capture the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Having arrived at the Border with his English bowmen, at Coldstream, twenty miles westward from the town, the king—who had ordered two large ships of war to enter the Tweed and make an attack upon the town, simultaneous with one which he intended to make from the land side—found that he had miscalculated the time. The ships having arrived before the English army had crossed the border, the Scottish defenders of Berwick were enabled to capture and burn the naval expedition before the King with his bowmen appeared upon the scene. This incident so excited the patriotic fervour of the Scotch, that they gave vent to their exultation in a song, commencing:—

Weened King Edward with his "long shanks,"  
To have got Berwick?

This song is mentioned in Langtoft's Chronicle:—

Now does Edward dike Berwick brode and long,  
As they bade him dike, and scorned him in their song.

The more splendid achievement and victory of Robert Bruce at Bannockburn gave rise to many songs of triumph, which Fabyan, a citizen and alderman of London, mentioned in his "Chronicle":—

Maidens of England, sore may ye mourn  
For your lemans ye have lost at Bannockburne.

which song, he adds, "was after many days sung in daunces, in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland, to the reproofe and disdaine of Englishmen, with *divers others*, which I overpasse." The Scottish and English historians of those early times had no interest except in the ballads that were inspired by historical events, and took no account of the many love-songs and bacchanalian ditties that must have been current among a people so fond of music and lyrical poetry as the Scotch then were, and always have been. The names of a few of these compositions have come down to our time in a comic poem, written in the broadest vernacular, in the reign of James I of Scotland, between 1424 and 1437, and entitled "Cockelby's Sow." Among the titles are "My deir derling," "Joly Leman, dawes it not day," "Perdolly," "Trolly Lolly," "By yon wood-side," "Late, late in the evening," "Most make revel," &c. The words of these compositions have all been lost, and it is no longer possible to trace the music, though possibly some of the ancient melodies to which they were adapted survive in our day under different names.

It was in the reign of the accomplished and unfortunate James I of Scotland that Scottish music and poetry received a new development, and a character which has remained impressed upon them both until this day. That monarch, when a young lad, was taken prisoner by an English vessel of war, when on his way to France to be instructed in the learning and accomplishments of the time. The circumstances of his capture by the enemies of his country, and his residence in England from the age of twelve to that of thirty, are highly interesting and romantic, and have been recorded by the present writer in an early work, entitled the "Thames and its Tributaries." "The old and sorrow-stricken father of the Prince, King Robert III, grieving for the loss of one son, the Duke of Rothsay—whose sad fate is so finely told by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fair Maid of Perth"—and dreading that his youngest darling and only surviving son, James, might share a similar fate in the troubles of his unhappy country, thought it advisable to send him out of Scotland. A governor being provided, the young prince was sent to finish his education in France, but the vessel in which the heir of Scotland was embarked had sailed no further than Flamborough Head when it was attacked by an English cruiser, and all on board were taken prisoners. Some say that the capture was made when the young prince and his suite landed to refresh themselves at Flamborough, where they had been driven by stress of weather. However this may be, Henry IV, although a truce subsisted at the time between the nations, resolved to detain the royal child as a hostage for the future good behaviour of his troublesome neighbour.

"So overjoyed was that grim warrior at his good fortune, that he relaxed so far as to give utterance to a pleasantry—'His father was sending him to learn French,' quoth he; 'by my troth, he might as well have sent him to me! I am an excellent French scholar myself, and will see to his instruction.' And he kept his word.



The young prince was provided with the best masters, and made rapid progress in every polite accomplishment: but his loss broke his father's heart. It needed not that last calamity to embitter the days of poor King Robert. He never held up his head again, but pined away, and died about a year afterwards.

"But the captive himself, with the exception of the loss of liberty, had nothing to complain of. Every luxury was his, and every indulgence. He became well versed in all the literature of the age, and matured into an excellent musician, and sweet poet, and was expert in all the manly accomplishments that befitted a prince. He studied Chaucer, then recently deceased, and made him his model, and produced poems, little inferior to those of his master, in the 'Quair,' or 'book,' written shortly before his return to Scotland, he informs us in elegant rhymes, how he passed his time in captivity, and how he fell in love with the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, as she was walking with her maid in the Gardens of Windsor Castle. And first of all, of his studies, and of his consolations in captivity. He studied, he says, sometimes 'until his eyne began to smart for studying,' but until he fell in love, books were his great delight, and especially 'Boetius on the Consolations of Philosophy.'"

"The royal poet tells in the "King's Quair" the history of his first and only love. After pathetically lamenting that he was doomed to be a captive while the birds were free, he writes:—

And therewith cast I down my eyes again,  
Whereas I saw, walking under the tower  
Full secretly, new coming her to playne,  
The fairest, and the freshest youngé flower  
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,  
At which sudden abate, anon, astart  
The blood of all my body to my heart!  
•        •        •        •        •  
•        •        •        •        •        My wittis all  
Were so o'ercome with pleasure and delight,  
That suddenly my heart became her thrall.  
  
And in my head I drew right hastlie,  
And then eft soon I leaned it out again,  
And saw her walk, that very womanlie,  
With no wight more, but only women twaine  
Then 'gan I study in myself, and sayn,  
"Ah, sweet! are ye a wordly creature,  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of our nature?"

He then describes in eloquent language, her golden hair and rich attire, adorned with "fretwork of perlis white, with many a diamond, emerald, and sapphire"—

"And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,  
With plumis partly red, and white, and blue,  
And above all  
  
As well he wot  
Beauty enough to make a world to doat!"

This fair creature was the daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, and granddaughter of "time-honoured Lancaster," known to English history as John of Gaunt.

In the year 1428 negotiations were commenced by Murdoch, Regent of Scotland after the death of Robert III—for the liberation of the King, and Henry V, who had succeeded his father, agreed with but little difficulty. The sum of £40,000 was stipulated to be paid by Scotland, not as ransom—it was a disagreeable word—but as compensation for the maintenance and education of the prince; and it was further agreed that he should marry some lady of the royal blood of England, as a bond of peace and good-will between the two countries.

The heart of James must have leaped for joy within him as he named the Lady Jane Beaufort as the object of his choice. The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp, first at Windsor, and afterwards at London; the bride receiving for her portion the sum of £10,000. She was a most faithful and attached wife, and during the many cares, anxieties, and troubles that beset the path of her royal partner on his return into his own disturbed dominions, was always the affectionate friend, the kind adviser, and chief comfort of her lord. His sad fate is well known. Her heroism and devotion at that awful hour, when he was murdered in her arms, are equally celebrated. When the assassins were clamouring at the entrance gate, a young girl of the Queen's attendants, the Lady Katharine Douglas, put her slender arm through the staple of the door to serve as a bolt, but the frail impediment was snapped asunder like a stick by the strong conspirators. James, unarmed and defenceless, was let down into a vault underneath by his heroic wife, but was discovered and slain, pierced by eight-and-twenty wounds. Nor did the Queen escape altogether. She was first stabbed by the disappointed assassins before they discovered the King in the vault, and afterwards received two wounds in interposing her body between her lord and the bloody knife of his foes. Happily her wounds were not mortal. She lived long enough to do justice



upon the murderers, several of whom were executed. The aged Earl of Athol, one of the chief conspirators, was crowned with a coronet of red hot iron, with the inscription, "*This is the king of the traitors,*" and after suffering horrible tortures for three days, was beheaded, and his quarters sent to the chief cities of the kingdom.

The amiable King was not alone an excellent poet, but an accomplished musician, and was the first known composer of melodies in the peculiar style that is now described as Scottish. Doubtless many Scottish melodies of the same character existed before his time, but their names are unknown. Fordun, his contemporary, who wrote from personal knowledge, says of the king:—"He excelled in music, and not only in the vocal kind, but also in instrumental, which is the perfection of the art; in tabor and choir, in psalter and organ. Nature, apparently having calculated upon his requiring something more than the ordinary qualifications of men, had implanted in him a force and power of divine genius above all human estimation; and this genius showed itself most particularly in music. His touch upon the harp produced a sound so utterly sweet, and so truly delightful to the hearers, that he seemed to be born a second Orpheus, or, as it were, the prince and prelate of all harpers."

Nor was the king's fame confined to his own country. In the twenty-third chapter of his tenth book, Alessandro Tassoni, author of "*Pensieri Diversi*," published in the 17th century, mentions King James in the following terms:—"We may reckon among us moderns, James, king of Scotland, who not only composed many pieces of sacred music, *but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others*; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who in our age, has improved music with many new and admirable inventions." Although there exists at the present time no Scottish melody which can with certainty be attributed to James, it is justifiable to believe after what his contemporaries and foreign nations said of him that he left his mark upon the song and music of his country, or he would not have been, two centuries after his death, in enjoyment of a European reputation as a musician. It is also probable that the melodies of the most northern parts of his dominions, the '*luinigs*' and the '*iorrams*' were not unfamiliar to him, and tinged the character of his compositions, giving them the melancholy tone that pervaded them. Gawain Douglas, writing about 1513, in the Prologue to his translation of Virgil makes casual mention of the Scottish damsels, plaiting chaplets for their heads.

"For vocal music

Some sang 'ring songs,' 'dances,' 'odes,' and 'rounds,  
With voices shrill which hill to dale resounds.

\* \* \* \*

One sang:—

'The ship sails o'er the salt sea faem  
Will bring my leman and my love haem.'—

\* \* \* \*

Another sang:—

"I will be blithe and licht,  
My heart is bent upon so gude a nicht."

Others sang "I come hither to woo," and "The Jolly day now dawes." The latter song is the only one of that and the previous period which has come down to our time, having been preserved in the Fairfax M.S.

King James V was also a poet and a writer of songs and ballads in the Scottish vernacular, but there is no evidence that he was a musician, like James I, or that he exercised any appreciable influence over the lyrical literature of his time. Whether he wrote the excellent ballad of "Pebblis to the Play," which is usually attributed to him, it is—in default of positive evidence either on the one side or the other—impossible to say. It is probable, however, that he wrote not only this ballad, but the "Gaberlunzie Man; and the "Jolly Beggar," the latter narrating an incident of which he was the hero in the days of his wild youth before he married and became respectable. The air, which is exceedingly beautiful, is probably one of the old melodies of the days of King James I, of which the original words have been lost.

In the reign of his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, who had the misfortune to lose her father on the eighth day after her birth, music and song enjoyed especial favour at the Scottish Court, especially during the brief happy days before she wedded Lord Darnley. The Queen herself was an accomplished performer on the harp and other instruments, wrote poetry in French, and sang with taste and feeling. She does not appear from anything recorded of her to have known much of the music of her native land but preferred the music of France, the country in which her best years had been passed. The handsome and infatuated Chatelar, who paid with his life the penalty of his too daring love for the Queen—too highly placed above him to warrant the madness of his passion—sang French songs to her to the accompaniment of lute or guitar, and in all probability introduced to the acceptance and favour of fashionable society many sweet melodies, notably the air now known as "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," which has been found in a collection of French airs published early in the seventeenth century. The equally unfortunate Rizzio may also be supposed to have given an Italian tendency to the Scottish musical taste of the time, as far as it could be influenced by the fashion of the court.



Whatever the politician, the philosopher, and the lover of liberty may say of the Stuarts, no lover of poetry and music can speak of them without affectionate regret, and some degree of the respect which is due to misfortune,

FOR Sorrow is a great and holy thing,  
We recognize its right, as king to king.

Death from the daggers of assassins; death upon the scaffold; public shame and contumely, poverty, misery, banishment; all these were the appanage and inheritance of this illustrious race; a race whom Fortune seemed to delight in persecuting and humiliating, to whom she gave amiability only to bring them into sorrow, and to make them acquainted with false friends and unwise advisers; to whom she offered the cup of prosperity to infuse gall and wormwood into it, or to dash it untasted from their lips; to whom she gave wealth only to take it away; power only to make it a mockery and a disgrace; talents only to lead their actions from the right path, and to whom even the gift of personal beauty, as in the case of Mary, was but the means and the consummation of all other trials, calamity and shame.\*

The Reformation during the reign of Queen Mary, and under the immediate auspices of John Knox, swept with devastating fury over the splendid churches of the ancient faith. In putting the monks to flight, and abolishing the Roman Catholic church services, the reformers, with grim irony, took possession of the music of many beautiful cathedral chants, and wedded them to coarsely satirical and comic ballads. In this metaphorsasis, their original solemn and tender spirit was destroyed. "John Anderson my jo," an indecently humorous song, was adapted to a fine church melody—the composition perhaps of some nameless monk—and "John, come kiss me now," "We're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin'," and many other tunes worthy of a better fate, ran a course of popularity through the land, and debased the minds of the people; not by the music which never can debase—for all music in itself is pure and holy—but by the poetry, or rather by the "words," without poetry, to which it was unnaturally linked; until an after generation—wiser grown—rescued the old tunes from desecration, and associated them with such real gold of poetry as Robert Burns with the fine alchemy of genius made out of the dross of the original "John Anderson."

Subsequent to this period, the royal writers of song and music in Scotland were wholly superseded by men and women of the people. What princes had formerly done was left to the farm labourers, the shepherds, the tinkers, the excisemen, the gardeners, the sailors, and the handicraftsmen of all kinds, who in the course of two centuries created a perfect autology of song and music of a beauty and excellence that have never been equalled in any other country in the world. The fame of Scottish music and song reached England with the Stuarts, but was little known until the time of Charles II, who was fond of music generally, but more especially of the music of the country of his ancestors. Tom D'Urfey—so-called familiarly by his contemporaries—the chief song-writer of his day, though an Englishman, wrote songs in imitation of the Scottish manner, to please his royal master; the best known of which still survives as a popular favourite, under the title of "Within a mile of Edinburgh town." The number of Scottish airs, or imitations of them, which appear in his noted collection of "Pills to Purge Melancholy," is very considerable—most of them adapted to English words—and some of them even more objectionable, on the score of propriety, than the Scottish words which it was their object to supersede. Queen Anne, the last of the direct line of the Stuarts who reigned in Great Britain, was partial to the songs of her native country, and preferred the old Scotch tune of "Cold and raw, the wind does blaw," to the finest compositions of the English composer, Henry Purcell. Purcell, though somewhat annoyed at the preference, was courteous enough to reconcile himself to it, and on her birthday in 1692, adapted the tune to a congratulatory lyric, entitled "May her bright example chase vice (the vicious?) in troops out of the land."

When John Gay wrote his once famous "Beggars' Opera," he laid the music of Scotland under heavy contribution, and familiarized the English public with many admirable melodies previously unknown to the south of the Tweed. About the same period, Allan Ramsay, a pleasing, but not a great lyricist, who carried on in Edinburgh the double business of wig-maker and bookseller; and who maintained a literary correspondence with Pope, and other celebrated writers of the day—published his "Tea-table Miscellany." This work marks an era in the history of Scottish song. In the preface to the eleventh edition, dated James I, 1724, he says, with but slight appreciation of the pathetic and tender, though with full admiration of the merrier melodies of his country:—

"Although it be acknowledged that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that makes them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves but in other countries. They are for the most part so cheerful, that on hearing them well played, or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing!"

In a subsequent passage, he claims the authorship of many of the songs which he presented to the public, and acknowledges his indebtedness to friends who had assisted him.

"My being well assured how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them; about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen who



were so well pleased with my undertaking that they generously lent me their assistance, and to them the lovers of song and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers."

The "Tea-table Miscellany," not wholly Scottish, as it was intended to be, contained a full moiety of English songs. Congratulating himself on its success Allan Ramsay made known that its fame had extended to America. The general demand for the books by persons of all ranks, wherever the English language is understood, is, he said, "a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend, Dr. Bannerman, tells me from America:—

Not only do your lays o'er Britain flow,  
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go,  
Here thy soft verse made to a Scottish air,  
Are often sung by our Virginian fair.  
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more.  
But yield to *Last time I came o'er the moor*;  
*Hydaspes* and *Rinaldo* both give way,  
To *Mary Scot*, *Tweedside*, and *Mary Gray*."

In conclusion—launching his fortune upon the world—he exclaimed exultingly:—

"Now little books, go your ways; be assured of favourable reception wherever the sun shines on the free-born, cheerful Briton; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes! you are to live, too, as long as the songs of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your ashes only with the dust of Horace. Were it but my fate when old and rusted, like you, to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand editions? Happy volumes! you are secure, but I must yield; please the ladies and take care of my fame."

The too glowing anticipation of a thousand editions was not realized,—nor is it likely to be. Though the four volumes were acceptable in their time—they were for their time alone, and have descended into the limbo of literary curiosities, with the exception of a few songs that may be counted on the fingers.

With all its demerits, this book continued for about sixty years to be the vade mecum of the lovers of Scottish song, and might have remained so for a longer period, had not one far greater than Ramsay appeared upon the scene, and extinguished the pale glimmer of his light, amid the overpowering refulgence of a grander star. There was however an interval between Ramsay and Burns which was filled by the Songs and Ballads, dedicated to the lost cause of the Jacobites. The losing cause always inspires truer poetry than the winning one; and the prosperous House of Hanover never excited a poet worthy of the name to write a good song in its praise. Even "God save the King," which has been the National Anthem, and the noble expression of loyalty to the reigning house for nearly a century and a half, was originally a song which it was treason to sing, and was inspired by the hopes and memories, the rights and wrongs of the exiled "House of Stuart," it was wisely adopted as their own by the partisans of the Hanoverian King, on the final collapse of the Jacobite cause in 1745, by which wise audacity, the reigning house carried off as it were a trophy from the enemy's camp, and converted a taunt into a glorification. The Jacobite songs of Scotland are favourites at this day at the Court of the Queen of Great Britain; as if to prove once again that the whirligig of time brings its revenges. The Jacobite songs of Scotland are of various degrees of poetical and musical merit; they are tender, pathetic, indignant, satirical, or humorous, as accords best with the momentary feelings of the writers, and the temper of the times, and form a body of literature which has time rolls on, will become more and more valuable to future historians, when they have to treat, as they must, of the passions and the manners of a bygone era.

Jacobitism was hardly dead—and was certainly not buried either in or out of the hearts of the people—when Robert Burns arose upon the poetical horizon of Scotland, the greatest poet that up to his time Scotland had ever seen. The publication of "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the wide influence which that work exercised on the popular mind, had prepared the way for the simple, direct, and unaffected poetry of nature, as distinguished from the artificial and quasi-classical poetry which had been popular since the death of Milton; a poetry in which the Muses and Graces—Cupid and Hymen, and all the Gods and Goddesses of the Greek and Roman Pantheon, had been made to masquerade in the guise of reality, and when simple Jane, Ann, or Mary could not be represented in song, except under the more pretentious names of Chloe, Lesbia, or Sylvia.

Robert Burns was one of the earliest of the poets—at the close of the last century—who threw off the slavery of so called classicality of the period and abandoning the parrot-like mimicry of the artificial school, drew his inspirations from living nature, and not from dead antiquity and books. Sprung from the ranks of a sturdy, independant and educated peasantry, and possessing all the virtues of his class, with many of their vices and defects—vices which at the time were not peculiar to the lowly, but were fully shared by the lordly and the highly placed; endued with strong common sense, a lively imagination, a playful fancy, an enquiring mind, a correct taste, a susceptible heart, and a keen sympathy with the beautiful in nature, whether the beauty were animated in the female form, or impressed upon the physical features of the landscapes of his native land and blessed moreover with a finely musical



ear, he was the very incarnation of all that was necessary to form a real and true poet of the people. He burst like a meteor upon the vision of his astonished contemporaries, not so much astonished at his gifts, but that those gifts should have been showered in such profusion upon a ploughman, and speedily dwarfed by the superiority of his genius, all the lyrical poets who had preceded him in Scotland. Unlike the fashionable songsters of a previous and after time, who sang as cage birds, and were never in voice unless perched upon the finger of a Countess to be fed and fondled; the wilder genius of this singing-bird who trilled so full and ravishing a note, sought its inspiration in the fresh open air of the woodlands, or under the fringes of the morning or evening cloud. Burns did not invent or wholly compose all the songs which appear in his name, though those that were entirely the inspiration of his own fancy and feelings were the best; but like Shakespeare before him, he adopted the old stories and fragments that came in his way, pruned off the redundances and excrescences of indecency or silliness, which but too often disfigured them, and sent them anew into the world, no longer dross and rubbish, but the purest gold.

As in England, whenever the author of a fine poetical passage is unknown to the company in which it is quoted, it is in nine cases out of ten attributed to Shakespeare; so in Scotland, whenever a Scottish song is sung or mentioned—of which the paternity is doubtful or wholly unknown—it is generally credited to Robert Burns, as a safer supposition than any other. In this manner the songs of Caroline Oliphant, Lady Nairne, who began to write soon after the sweet clear note of Burns was hushed in death, such songs as "The Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Lass o' Gowrie," and others of equal merit and beauty were attributed to the people's favourite. And such a favourite has he become by the lapse of time—with an ever green and ever growing fame—that long before the centenary of his birth, in 1859, his memory had become—not alone in his native land, but in every part of the world where Scotsmen are to be found—the synonym of Scotland itself, and of all its patriotic ardour. Not only in the British Isles, but in every city, or smaller town in Canada and the United States, in the African and Australian colonies, and even in India and China, a Burns' Club assembles on the 25th of January to drink a toast to the poet's memory, and keep alive in the hearts of the company the patriotic glow that helps to perpetuate the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum."

Since the death of Burns, many Scottish poets have written songs in the mellifluous Doric of the Lowlands, though none have attained his excellence, unless it be Sir Walter Scott. But Scott, though a great romancer and poet, and a man of the highest order of genius, had not the lyrical power and variety of musical expression possessed by Burns, and wrote but few songs in the dialect of his country; and James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Lady Nairne, Alexander Rodger, and the multitudinous contributors to the "Whistle Binkie" and others whose names are mentioned in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," are but tyros and apprentices compared with the great master.

Scotland is and has reason to be proud of her songs and her music. If so obsolete a word as the Muse is allowable in our day, it may be asserted and repeated "that the Muse of Scotland is not a classical beauty, nor a crowned queen, nor a fine lady, but a simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom, and healthy; full of true affections and kindly charities; a bare-footed maiden that scorns all false pretence, and speaks her honest mind. If sometimes indiscreet in her language, her heart is pure; she never jests at virtue, though she sometimes has a fling at hypocrisy; her laughter is as refreshing as her tears: and her humour is as genuine as her tenderness."

October, 1877.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

# Bonnie Dundee.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO

To the Lords of Convention 'twas

Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-li-er who loves

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,  
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth.  
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north:  
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three.  
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,  
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;  
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee.

Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

# Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

TANNAHILL.

*Andante.*

PIANO

*p dolce.**p*

The sun has gane down o'er the

lof - ty Ben - Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene: While

lane - ly I stray in the calm sim-mer gloam-in', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blos - som, And



sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and

dear te this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dum-blane, Is

love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dum-blane.

she's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling, [blane.  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dum-  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 Is charming young Jessie, etc.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane  
 Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, etc.

# Annie Laurie.

Anonymous.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me her pro-mise true, Gie'd me her pro-mise

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and

dee.

\* Her brow is like the snaw-drift.  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee

Like dew on the gowan lying.  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet—  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee

The first four lines of this Stanza are borrowed from an old version of "John Anderson, my Jo."

# Huntingtower ; or, "When ye gang awa, Jamie."

*Andantino.*

**PIANO.** *p dolce.*

*p cresc.*

*p*

*dolce.*

**JAMIE.** I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,  
The bravest in the town, lassie,  
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,  
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

**JEANIE.** That's nae gift ava, Jamie,  
Silk and gowd and a', laddie,  
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land  
I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

**JAMIE.** When I come back again, Jeanie,  
Frae a foreign land, lassie,  
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,  
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

**JEANIE.** Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,  
Marry me yoursel', laddie,  
And tak' me ower to Germanie,  
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

**JAMIE.** I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,  
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,  
For I've a wife and bairnies three,  
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

**JEANIE.** Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,  
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,  
For had I kent o' your fause heart,  
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

**JAMIE.** Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,  
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,  
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,  
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

**JEANIE.** Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,  
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,  
And I will pray they ne'er may thole  
A braken heart like me, laddie.

**JAMIE.** Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,  
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,  
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,  
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

**JEANIE.** Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,  
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,  
But I have neither gowd nor lands,  
To be a match for you, laddie.

**JAMIE.** Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,  
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,  
Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,  
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.



# The Piper of Dundee.

*Allegro.*

**PIANO.** *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a common time signature, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4-C5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by eighth notes A2-B2-C3, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the dynamic is 'f'.

The pi - per came to our town, To our town, to our town, The

*p*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4-C5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is 'p'.

pi - per came to our town, And he play'd bon - nie - lie. He

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4-C5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And

*f*

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4-C5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is 'f'.

then he gae his bags a wheeze, And play'd an - i - ther key. And

was-na he a ro - guy, A ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was-na he a ro guy, The

pi - per o' Dun-dee?

He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"  
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"

And "Auld Stuart's back again,"

Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"

"The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"

And "Lang away, but welcome here,"

See sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,  
And some were dancing mad their lane,  
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en

That nicht at Amulrie.

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,

And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,

And brave Carnegie, wha but he,

The piper o' Dundee.

And wasna, &c.

# Here awa', there awa'.

BURNS.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO.

The first system of music is for the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of music continues the piano accompaniment. It includes the vocal melody in the treble staff and the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa,' are written below the vocal staff.

The third system of music continues the piano accompaniment. It includes the vocal melody in the treble staff and the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics 'there a - wa, haud a - wa hame. Come to my bo - som my' are written below the vocal staff.

The fourth system of music concludes the piano accompaniment. It includes the vocal melody in the treble staff and the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics 'ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.' are written below the vocal staff.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e;  
 Welcome, now simmer, and welcome, my Willie  
 The simmer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers;  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.



## Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Andante moderato.*

Why weep ye by the

*piano.* *dolce.* *p*

tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And ye shall be his

bride. And ye shall be his bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to be seen— But aye she loot the

*cresc.* *f* *p*

tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.

*sf* *dolce.*

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale.  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The taper glimmer'd fair,  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha',  
The lady was not seen;  
She's o'er the border, and awa  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

# The Land o' the Leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

*Adagio.*

**PIANO.** *p*

*pp* *legato.*

*mf* *mf* *p*

*mf* *dim.*

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean,  
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And we grudged her sair  
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait on me  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet and aye be fain  
 In the land o' the leal.



## Within a mile of Edinburgh town.

T D'URERY.

*Moderato.*

**PIANO.**

*f*

*p*

'Twas with-in a mile of

E-din-bu-ryh town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the

grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay,

Kiss'd young Jen-ny mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I

can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buck-le to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,  
 Though lang he had followed the lass;  
 Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,  
 And merrily turned up the grass.  
 Bonnie Jockie blythe and free, [winna do;  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,  
 She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily; [do,  
 At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it winna  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

# There's nae luck about the house.

Attributed to JULIUS MICKLE.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro* and *mf*. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

And are ye sure the news is true? And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics 'And are ye sure the news is true? And' are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat.

are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) at the end of the first and second systems.

see him come a - shore. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's

nae luck at a, There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When

our gudeman's a - wa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat;  
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa'.  
For there's nae luck, *etc.*

There are twa hens upon the bauk  
Hae fed this month and mair,  
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about.  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw;  
For wha can tell how Colin fared,  
When he was far awa'.  
For there's nae luck, *etc.*

Come, gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop-satin gown;  
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town:  
My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
For there's nae luck. *etc.*

\* Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech  
His breath like caller air!  
His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair:  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought.  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, *etc.*

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thirled through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe.  
'Till death we'll never part:  
But what puts parting in my head,  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain.  
The neist we never saw!  
For there's nae luck, *etc.*

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought.  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck. *etc.*

# Logie o' Buchan.

G. HALKET.

*Moderato*

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

*dolce.*

It's Lo - gie o' Buch-an, It's Lo - gie the laird, He has ta'en a - wa' Ja-mie

delv'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi - ol sae sma', He has ta'en a - wa'

*più mosso.*

Ja-mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, "Think nae lang, las-sie, though I gang a -

- wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

*f*

Though Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;  
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land.  
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
They flyte upon Jamie because he is poor;  
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
They're no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;  
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,  
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa.  
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.  
Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.



## Get up and bar the door.

Anonymous.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *mf*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "It fell a-bout the Martin-mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When our gude-wife had pud-dins to mak', And she boil'd them in the pan, O!" The piano introduction is marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* in the second system.

The wind blew cauld frae north to east,  
 And blew in to the floor, O!  
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,  
 "Get up and bar the door, O!"  
 "My hand is in my husswyfskip,  
 Gudeman, as ye may see, O!  
 An it should na be barr'd this hunner year,  
 It'll no be barr'd by me, O!"  
 They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O!  
 Whaever should speak the foremost word,  
 Should rise and bar the door, O!  
 Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night. O!  
 And they could see neither house nor ha,  
 Nor coal nor candle light, O!  
 Now, whether is this a rich man's house,  
 Or whether is it a poor, O?  
 But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
 For barrin' o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddins,  
 And syne they ate the black, O!  
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',  
 Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!  
 Then the ane unto the other said—  
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!  
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,  
 And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"  
 "But there's nae water in the house.  
 And what will we do then, O?"  
 "What ails you at the puddin' broo,  
 That boils into the pan, O?"  
 O up then started our gudeman,  
 And an angry man was he, O!  
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
 And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"  
 Then up and started our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor, O!  
 "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door, O!"

# The Campbells are comin'.

Traditional.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a section symbol (§) and a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: "The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho, The". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a section symbol (§). The lyrics are: "Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Lochle - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Up -". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "- on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look-ed down to". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff.

The fourth vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a section symbol (§). The lyrics are: "bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon - nie pip-ers play." The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff, marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

Great Argyle, he goes before,  
He makes the cannons and guns to roar  
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.  
The Campbells are cōwin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,  
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.  
The Campbells are comin', etc.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## Blue bonnets over the border.

*Allegretto, con spirito.*

PIANO.

March! march! Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or-der?

March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der.

Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry:

Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glo-ry.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray.  
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale. *etc.*

# Caller Herrin'.

LADY NAIRNE.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin' ? They're bonnie fish and hale - some far - in' ; Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , New

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin' ? They're bonnie fish and hale - some far - in' ; Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , New'.

drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pil - lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel - lows,

The second system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pil - lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel - lows,'.

Dark - ling as they face the bil - lows, A to ill our wo - ven wil - lows. Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , They're

The third system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Dark - ling as they face the bil - lows, A to ill our wo - ven wil - lows. Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , They're'.

bon - nie fish and halesome far - in' ; Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , New drawn frae the Forth. Caller

The fourth system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'bon - nie fish and halesome far - in' ; Buy my cal - ler her - rin' , New drawn frae the Forth. Caller'.



her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin'. An'

*colla voce.*

This system features a vocal melody in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a common time signature. The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment in the same key and time. The vocal line includes a fermata over the first measure and a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth notes.

when the creel o' her-rin' pass-es, La-dies clad in silks and la-ces, Ga-ther in their braw pe-lis-ses,

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure and a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

Toss their heads and screw their fa - ces; Buy my Cal - ler her - rin', They're

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure and a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

bon-nie fish and halesome fa - rin'; Buy my Cal-ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

*cresc*

This system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure and a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The word "cresc" is written at the bottom right of the system.

Noo nee - bor wives, come, tent my tell - in',

The first system of the musical score for 'Caller Herrin'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'Noo nee - bor wives, come, tent my tell - in'.

When the bon - nie fish ye're sel - lin' At a word be aye your deal - in,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'When the bon - nie fish ye're sel - lin' At a word be aye your deal - in'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Truth will stand when a' things fail - in'; Buy my Cal - ler her - rin, They're bon - nie fish and haesome fa - rin';

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes the lyrics 'Truth will stand when a' things fail - in'; Buy my Cal - ler her - rin, They're bon - nie fish and haesome fa - rin';'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Buy my Cal - ler her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my Cal - ler her - rin'? They're

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'Buy my Cal - ler her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my Cal - ler her - rin'? They're'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the phrase.



no brought here with - out brave dar - in, Buy my Cal - ler her - rin', Ye

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The melody is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my Cal - ler her - rin'? O ye may ca' them vul-gar far-in';

*dim.*

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The vocal line has a melisma on 'far-in'.

Wives and mith-ers maist des - pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin.

*colla voce.*

This system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a melisma on 'her - rin'. The piano part includes a *colla voce.* (colla voce) marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

BURNS.

## Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.

*Andante.*

PIANO

Ae fond kiss, and then we se - ver; Ae fare-well, and then for ev - er!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer-fu'

twin-kle lights me; Dark de - spair a - round be - nights me.

*dim.*

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy:  
 But to see her was to love her;  
 Love but her and love for ever.  
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee



JAMES HOGG.

## My love she's but a lassie yet.

*Allegretto, con spirito.*

Piano.

My love she's but a lassie yet, A lightsome lovely lassie yet; It  
 scarce w'd do To sit an' woo Down by the stream sae glas-sy yet, But there's a braw time  
 com-in' yet, When we may gang a - roam-in' yet, An' hunt wi' glee O' joys to be, When  
 fa's the mo-dest gloam-in yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,  
 She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;  
 But just a jinkin';  
 Bonnie Blinkin'  
 Hilty-skilty lassie yet.  
 But O her artless smile's mair sweet  
 Than hinny or than marmalete;  
 An' right or wrang,  
 Ere it be lang,  
 I'll bring her to a parley yet,

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,  
 The very breeze that kisses her  
 The flowery beds  
 On which she treads,  
 Though wae for aye that misses her.  
 Then O to meet my lassie yet,  
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;  
 For all I see  
 Are nought to me  
 Save her that's but a lassie yet!

# O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?

BISHOP PERCY.

*Espressivo.*

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

Nan - nie, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt - ing town? Can

si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and rus - set gown? No

long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say,

can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say,



can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est

of..... the fair? Where thou..... wert fair-est, where thou..... wert fair-est, Where

thou..... wert fair - est of the fair?

*mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score consists of several staves, with the lyrics continuing across them. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

O Nannie, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
 O, can that soft and gentle mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, can'st thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen wi' me to go?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

# O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad! Tho'

fa-ther and mo-ther and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back

yett be a - jee; Syne up the back style and let nae - bo - dy see, And

come as ye were na com - in' to me. O whis - tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O

whis - tle and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' fa - ther and mo - ther and a' should gae mad, O

whis - tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie,  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.  
 O whistle, etc.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee;  
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.  
 O whistle, etc.



# Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

BURNS.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf* *f* *dim.*

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, and consists of 16 measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamic markings include *mf*, *f*, and *dim.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led, Wel-come to your

*p* *mf*

The first line of the song is in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes. Dynamic markings include *p* and *mf*.

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - riel Now's the day an' now's the hour.

The second line of the song continues the melody in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first line.

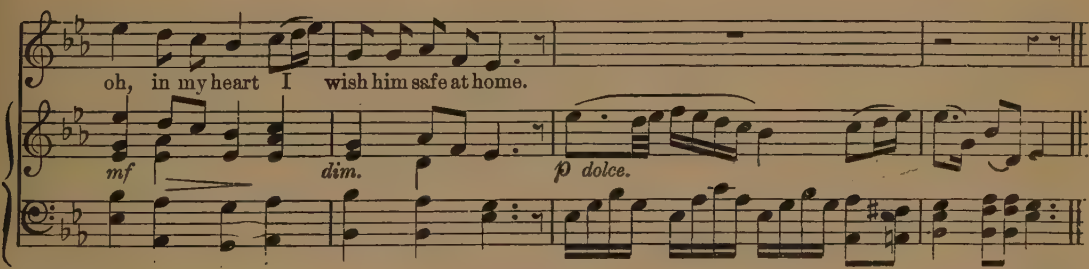
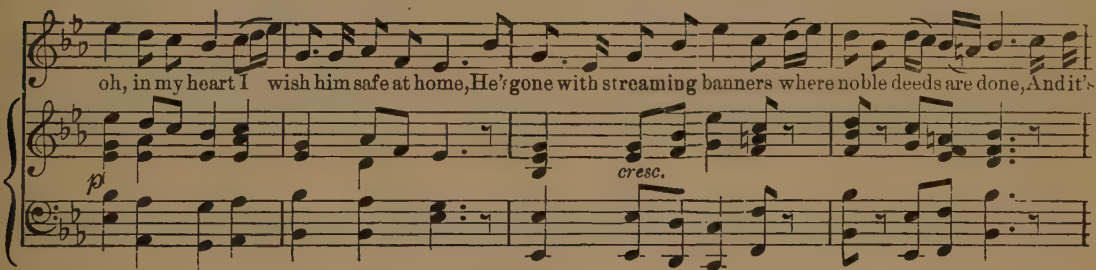
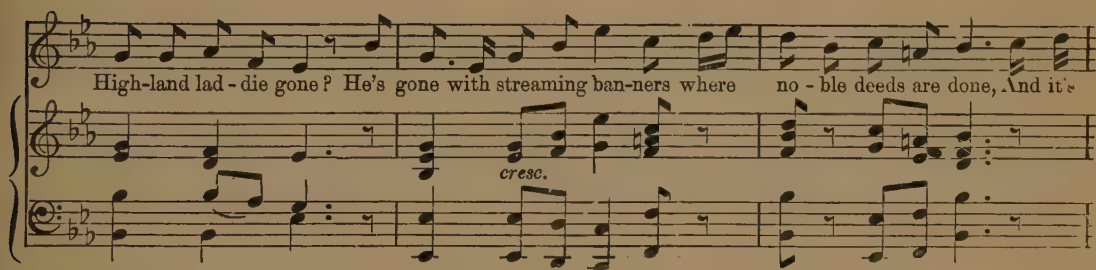
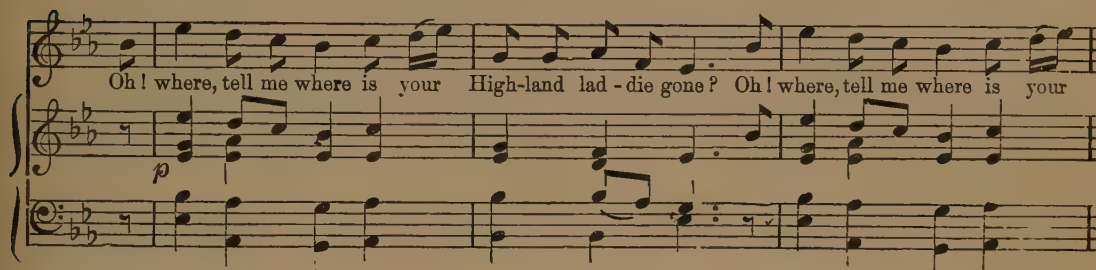
See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - rie!

The third line of the song continues the melody in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous lines.

Wha would be a traitor knave?  
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn an' flee!  
 Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,  
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, and freeman fa',  
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free.  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do or dee!

*Andante moderato.*



He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, *etc.*

A bonnet with a lofty plume, *etc.*

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc

MRS. GRANT.

## Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

*Moderato.*

PIANO,

*mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

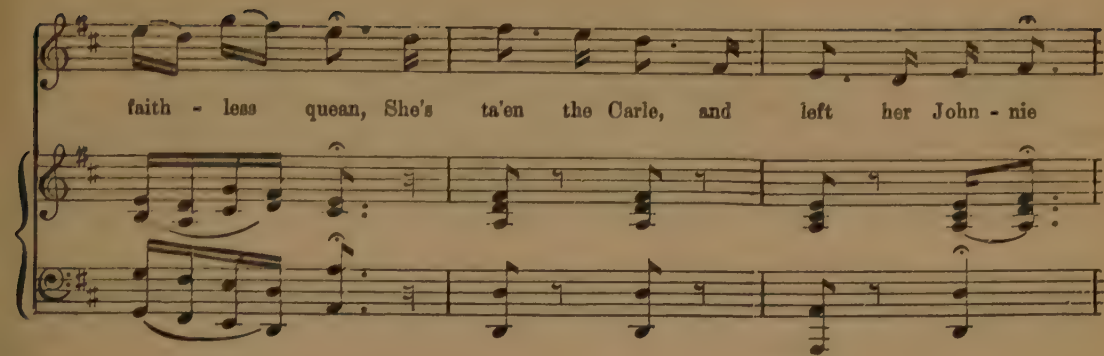
The first system of the song begins with the vocal melody. The lyrics "Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch," are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics "Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Wat ye how she cheat - ed me As". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

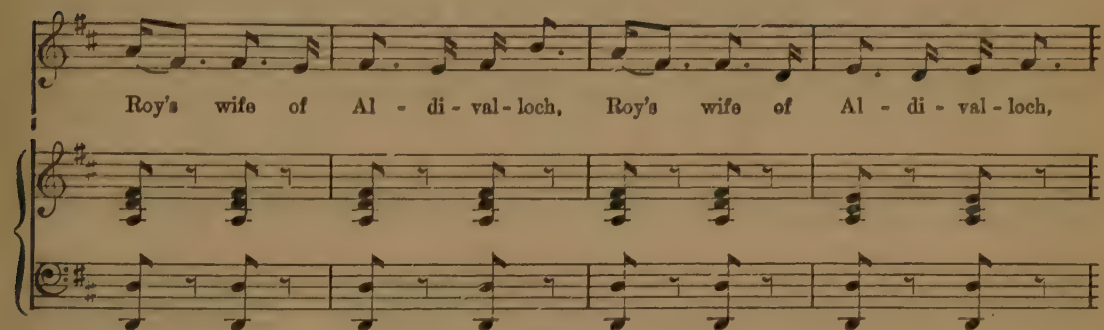
The third system of the song features the lyrics "I came o'er the braes o' Bal - loch. She vow'd, she swore she". A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

The fourth system concludes the song with the lyrics "wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But, oh! the fic - kle,". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

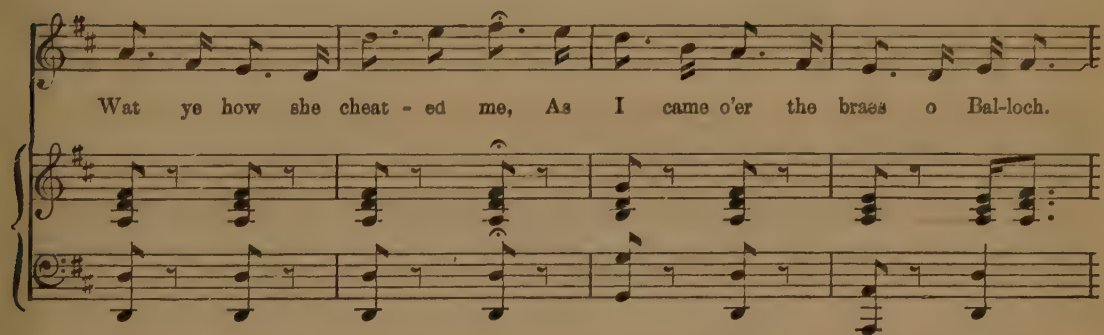




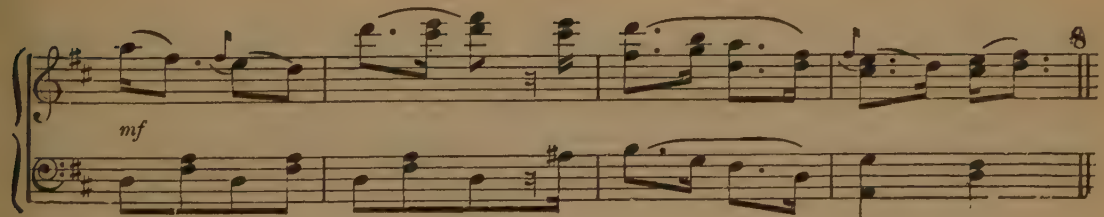
faith - less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her John - nie



Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,



Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes o Bal-loch.



*mf*

I wat she was a canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.  
Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.  
Roy's wife, etc.

NOTE.—Aldivalloch is a corruption of the Gaelic Aultna-bhalloch, or the shepherd's burn

## The waefu' heart.

MISS BLAMIRE.

*Larghetto.*

**PIANO.** *mp*

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would-na speak in vain;.. But in the darksome  
grave it's laid, Nev - er to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies  
low wi' his Whose heart was on - ly mine;..... And, oh! what a heart was  
that to lose, But I maun ne'er re - pine.

*mf*

Yet, oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon  
Would grant the boon I crave,  
And tak' this life, now naething worth,  
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.  
And see, his gentle spirit comes,  
To show me on my way!  
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,  
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

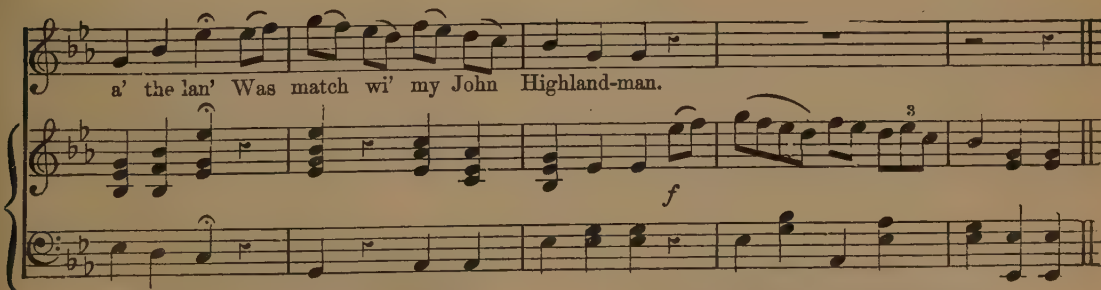
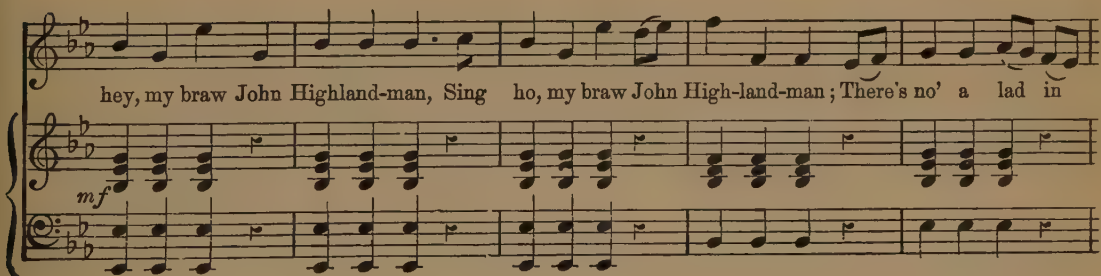
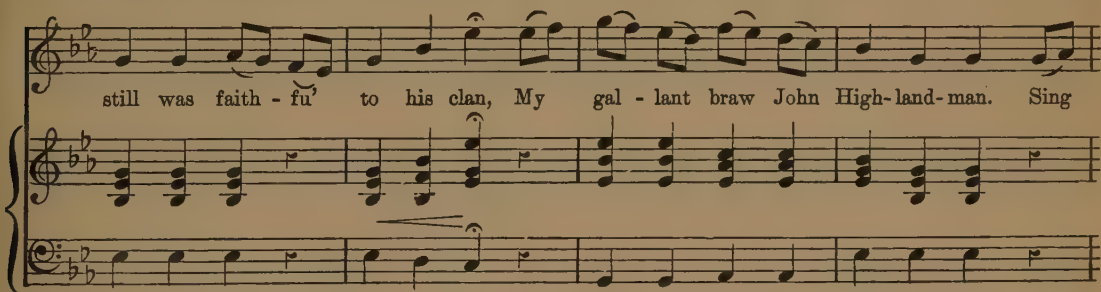
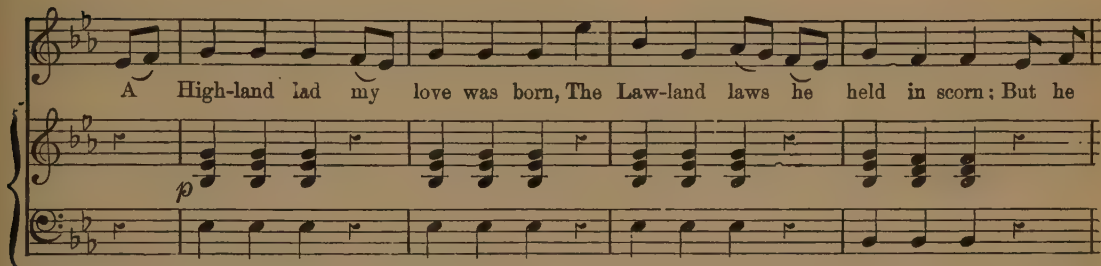
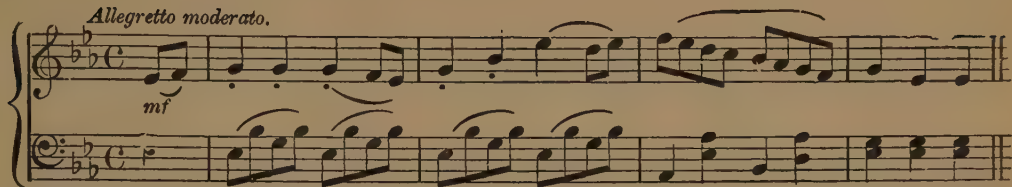
"I come, I come, my Jamie dear  
And, oh! wi' what gude-will,  
I follow whaursoe'er ye lead,  
Ye canna lead to ill."  
She said, and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek possess'd;  
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat.  
Her sorrow sunk to rest.

# A Highland Lad my Love was Born.

BURNS.

*Allegretto moderato.*

PIANO.



With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And gude claymore down by his side;  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan—  
My gallant brow John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, etc.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;  
But ere the bud was on the tree.  
Adoun my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, etc.



## The Lass o' Gowrie.

LADY NAIRNE,

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2. The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2. The music is marked *p* (piano).

'Twas on a simmer's af - ter-noon, A wee be-fore the

The second vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2.

sun gaed doun, My las - sie in a braw newgoun Cam o'er the hills to

The third vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2.

Gow - rie. The rose - bud wut wi' morn-ing show'r Blooms fresh with - in the

The fourth vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2.

sun - ny bow'r, But Ka - tie was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow - rie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,  
 But round her waist my arms I flang,  
 And said, my lassie, will ye gang  
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie?  
 I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',  
 In yon green field beside the shaw,  
 And mak' ye lady o' them a'—  
 The bravest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid.  
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,  
 She whisper'd modestly and said,  
 I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.  
 The auld folk soon gied their consent,  
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,  
 Wha tied us to our heart's content,  
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

WILLIAM GLEN.

## Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

*Andantino*

PIANO.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war-bled sweet and clear-ly, An'

aye the o'er-come o' his sang Was 'Wae's me for Prince Char-lie!' Oh!

when I heard the bon-nie, bon-nie bird, The tears cam'drap-pin' rare-ly, I

took my bon-net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char-lie!

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow;  
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,  
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"  
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;  
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roves a lanely stranger,  
On every side he's press'd by want,  
On every side is danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist burstit fairly,  
For sadly changed indeed was he—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"Dark night cam on, the tempest roar'd,  
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,  
An' where wast that your Prince lay down  
Wha's hame should been a palace?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the birds saw some red coats,  
An' he shook his wings wi' anger.  
"Oh! this is no a land for me;  
I'll tarry here nae langer!"  
He hover'd on the wing a while  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the fareweel strair  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

## Auld Robin Gray.

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

*Andante.*

*p* *mf*

PIANO.

 The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, and marked 'Andante'. It consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It starts with a quarter note G, followed by a half note chord of A-C-E, then a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It starts with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The introduction ends with a double bar line.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But

*dim.* *p*

 This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G, then a half note chord of A-C-E, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To make the crown a pound my

 This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by a half note chord of A-C-E, then a quarter note D, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

*p*

 This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by a half note chord of A-C-E, then a quarter note D, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp, starting with a half note chord of A-C-E, followed by a quarter note D, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.



had na been gane a week but on-ly twa. When my fa-ther brake his arm, and our

*con dolore.* *cresc.*

cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, and

*mf* *p*

auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a court-irg me.

*mf* *dim.*

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"  
 My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?  
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break  
 They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.  
 I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,  
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee.  
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be.  
 For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me

## Auld Robin Gray.

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

Old Melody.

PIANO. *Larghetto.* *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. The music is marked 'Larghetto' and 'mf'.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride, But

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. The music is marked 'p'.

sav - ing a crown he had nae-thing else be - side; To make that crown a pound, my

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2.

Ja-mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2.

He had na been gane a week but only twa, [awa';  
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown  
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin,  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e;  
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?

Oh why did I live to say, O wae's me!

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;  
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
But I will do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

EWEN.

## The Boatie rows.

*Moderato.*

**PIANO.** *mf con espress.* *p*

weel may the  
boa-tie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O weel may the boa-tie row, That wins the bairns'  
bread. The boa-tie rows, the boa-tie rows, The boa - tie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at -  
- tend the boat, The mur-lan and the creel.

I enist my lines in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I caught nine;  
They're three to roast, and three to boil,  
And three to bait the line.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

O weel may the boatie row  
That fills a heavy creel.  
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
And wan my youthful heart;  
O muckle lighter grew my creel!  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And muckle lighter is the lade  
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,  
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,  
I trow my heart was dowf and wae  
When Jamie gaed awa'.  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part;  
And lightsome be the lassie's care  
That has an honest heart.  
When Sandie, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up, and gotten lear,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And lightsome be the heart that bears  
The merlan and the creel.  
And when wi' age we're worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll help to keep us dry and warm  
As we did them before:  
Then weel may the boatie row  
That wins the bairn's bread,  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.



## Twa bonnie Maidens.

Hogg.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f*

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords and single notes.

There are

 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right staff continues the melody from the introduction, while the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

twa bon - nie maid - ens, and three bon - nie maid - ens, Cam owre the Minch, and

*p*

 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The right staff continues the melody, and the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the start of the left staff.

cam owre the main, Wi' the wind for their way, and the cor - ry for their hame, And

 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The right staff continues the melody, and the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

they are dear - ly wel - come to Skye a - gain. Come a - long, come a - long, Wi' your

 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fourth line of the song. The right staff continues the melody, and the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

boat - ie and your song, My ain bon-nie maid - ens, my twa bon-nie maid-ens, For the

night it is dark and the red coat is gone, And ye are dear-ly wel - come to

Skye a - gain.

There is Flora my honey, sae dear and sae bonnie,  
 And ane that's sae tall, and sae handsome withal;  
 Put the one for my king, and the other for my queen,  
 And they are dearly welcome to Skye again.  
 Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,  
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,  
 For the Lady Macoulain she dwelleth her lane,  
 And she'll welcome you dearly to Skye again.

Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,  
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;  
 The sea moullit's nest I will watch o'er the main,  
 And ye are bravely welcome to Skye again.  
 Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,  
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;  
 And saft sall ye rest where the heather it grows best.  
 And ye are dearly welcome to Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,  
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;  
 Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock,  
 And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.  
 Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,  
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;  
 Mair sound sall ye sleep as ye rock o'er the deep.  
 And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.

NOTE.—This Jacobite song narrates the adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and Flora MacDonald during the wanderings of the Prince in Skye.

## Green grow the rashes, O.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The first system of the musical score. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pas-ses, O! What sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An'

The third system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics ''twere na' for the las-ses, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! green grow the rash-es, O! The sweetest hour that

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'ere I spent Were spent a-mang the las ses, O!

The warldly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*

Gie me a cantie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O:  
 An' warldly cares and warldly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*

And you sae dounce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!  
 Tho wisest man the warld e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest works she classes, O:  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*



# My love is like a red, red rose.

BURNS.

*Andantino.*

Till

8

O my

PIANO.

all the seas gang dry, my dear, Till all the seas gang dry; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till

love is like a red, red rose That's new-ly sprung in June; My love is like a me-lo-dy That's

all the seas gang dry.

sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; And

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run

But fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

BURNS

## A man's a man for a' that.

*Allegretto.*

Is there for hon - est

po - ver - ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow - ard slave we pass him by, We

daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob - scure, and

a' that; The rank is but the gui - neas stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

PIANO. *mf* *p*

What though on ha-nely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that,  
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that.  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
When man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be for a' that.

BURNS.

## Duncan Gray.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Dun-can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't. Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-sklent, and un-co skeigh, Gart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,  
 Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',  
 Spak' o' loupin' o'er a linn,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 "Shall I, like a fool," quo' he,  
 "For a haughty hizzie dee?  
 She may gae to—France—for me!  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't."

How it comes let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,  
 Now they're crouse and canty baita,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.



## Roslin Castle.

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO. *mf*

'Twas in that sea - son of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That

Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his ru - ral lay: Of Nan - nie's charms the

shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with Nan - nie rung; While Ros - lin cas - tle

heard the swain, And e - cho'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing,  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song!  
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;  
O! bid her haste and come away:  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on every spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay  
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,  
And love inspires the melting song.  
Then let my raptured notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

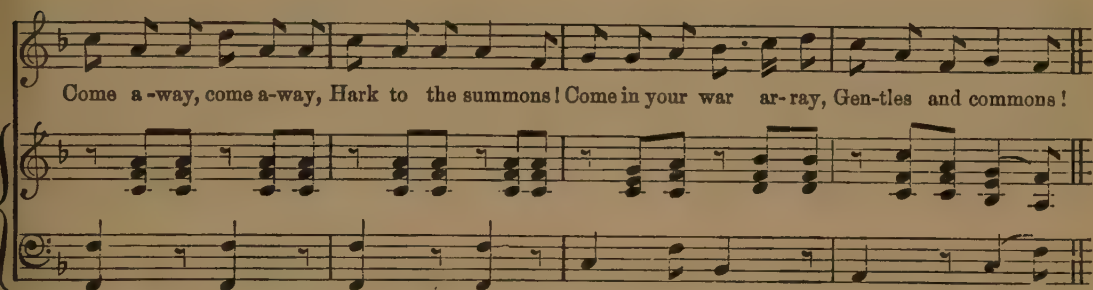
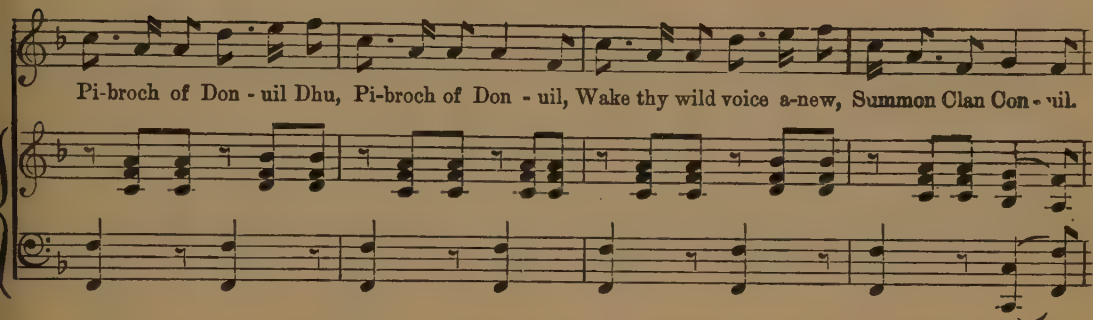
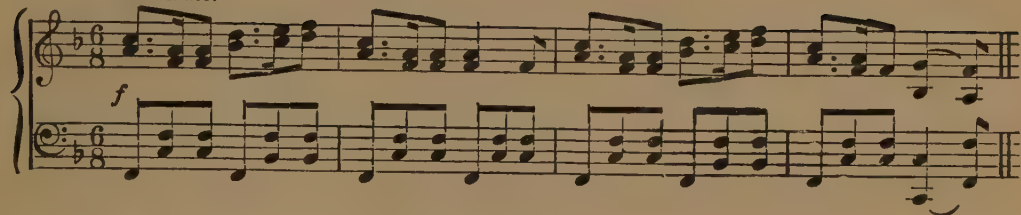
O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine.  
O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

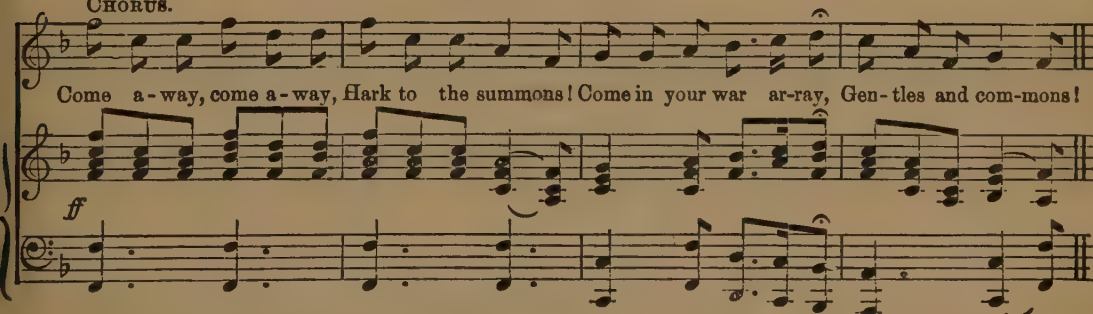
## Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.



CHORUS.



Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy;  
 Come ev'ry hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come ev'ry steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one!  
 Come ev'ry hill-plaid, &c.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges;  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broad sword and targes!  
 Leave the deer, &c.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded;  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster;  
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
 Tenant and master!  
 Faster come, &c.

Fast they come, fast they come,  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Kzell for the onset!  
 Cast your plaids, &c.

## Braw, braw lads.

BURNS.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

Braw, braw lads

Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der thro' the bloom - ing hea - ther; But

Yar - row braes nor Et - trick shaws Can match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine.  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 And though I haena meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.



## O waly, waly up the bank.

Anonymous.

*Larghetto.*

O waly, waly, love is bonnie  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fadas awa' like morning dew.  
 O, wherefore should I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.  
 Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me;  
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For o' my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
 When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 An' I mysel' in cramasie.  
 But had I wist before I kiss'd  
 That love had been sae ill to win.  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,  
 An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
 And oh! if my young babe were born,  
 An' set upon the nurse's knee,  
 An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,  
 An' the green grass growin' over me!

## O, saw ye bonnie Lesley?

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

O, saw ye bon-nie Les-ley As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's

gane like Al-ex-an-der, To spread her con-quests fur-ther. To see her is to

love her, And love but her for ev-er, For Na-ture made her what she is, And

ne'er made sic an-i-ther.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we before thee:  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts of men adore thee.  
 The de'il he cou'dna skaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
 Thou'rt like themsel's sae lovely  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee  
 Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie!  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

BURNS

## Auld Rob Morris.

*Andante*

PIANO.

*mf*

There's auld Rob Mor - ris that

wons in yon glen; He's the king o' gude fel-lows, and wale o' auld

men. He has gowd in his cof - fers, he has ows - en and kine,.. And

ae - bon - nie las - sie, his dar - ling and mine.

*mf*

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;  
 As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smile upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss.  
 As now my distraction no words can express!



## Farewell to Lochaber.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO.

Fare well to Loch - a - ber, † fare -

- well to my Jean, Where heart - some wi' thee I ha'e mo - ny days

been; For Loch - a - ber no.... more, Loch a - ber no.... more, We'll

may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears taat I

shed they are a for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at -

- tend - ing on weir; Tho borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant

shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

Tho hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse:  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame;  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

# Charlie is my darling.

Anonymous.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, My  
dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier. 'Twas  
on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh!  
Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

As he cam marchin up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out  
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right  
And the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,  
And mony a hope and fear;  
And mony were the pray'rs put up  
For the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc



## Mary Morison.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

Oh

Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd the tryst - ed hour, Those smiles and glan - ces

let me see, That mak' the mis - er's trea - sure poor. How blithe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A

wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry

*1st and 2nd times.* Mo - ri - son. *last verse.* Mo - ri - son.

PIANO.

Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha,  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town;  
I sighed, and said among them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake would gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only fault is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be,  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

# In the garb of old Gaul.

ERSKINE.

*Marcato.*

PIANO.

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of grand staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked *f* (forte). The bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, From the". The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "heath cov-er'd moun-tains of Sco-tia we come; Where the Ro-mans en-dea-vour'd our". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic support.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "coun-try to gain, But our an-ces-tors fought, and they fought not in vain." The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

Such our love of lib-er-ty, our coun-try and our laws, That like our an-ces-tors of old, we

stand by free-dom's cause, We'll brave-ly fight like he-roes bold for

hon-our and ap-plause, And de-fy the foe with all their art to al-ter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
Our loud sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's  
cause;

We'll bravely fight like heroes bold for honour and  
applause,

And defy the foe with all their art to alter our laws.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;  
As the full moon in Autumn our shields do appear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's  
cause;

We'll bravely fight like heroes bold for honour and  
applause,

And defy the foe with all their art to alter our laws.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes,  
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's  
cause;

We'll bravely fight like heroes bold for honour and  
applause,

And defy the foe with all their art to alter our laws.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease;  
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;  
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove  
kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our  
laws,

And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's  
cause;

That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and  
applause,

May defy the foe with all their art to alter our laws.



# The deil's awa wi' the exciseman.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *mf stacc.*

The

deil cam fid - dling thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa wi' th' Ex - cise - man, And

*p e stacc.*

il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The

deil's a - wa, the deil's a - wa, The deil's a - wa wi' th'Ex-cise - man; He's

danc'd a - wa, he's danc'd a - wa, He's danc'd a - wa wi' th'Ex-

- cise - - man.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll dance and sing, and rejoice, man;  
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil  
 That's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land  
 Was the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, &c.

## Lord Gregory.

Anonymous.

*Largo.*

PIANO.

*p*

O mirk, mirk is the mid - night

hour, And... loud the tem - pests roar, A wae - fu'

wan - d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord... Gre - - g'ry, ope thy'



door. An ex - - ile frae her fa - - ther's ha', An'

The first system of the musical score for 'Lord Gregory'. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'door. An ex - - ile frae her fa - - ther's ha', An'.

a' for... lov - ing thee; At least some pi - ty

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'a' for... lov - ing thee; At least some pi - ty'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

on me shaw, If.... love it.... may - na be.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes a triplet marked with a '3'. The lyrics are: 'on me shaw, If.... love it.... may - na be.'.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 By bonnie Irvine-side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
 I lang, lang had denied.  
 How often didst thou pledge and vow  
 Thou wouldst for aye be mine?  
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

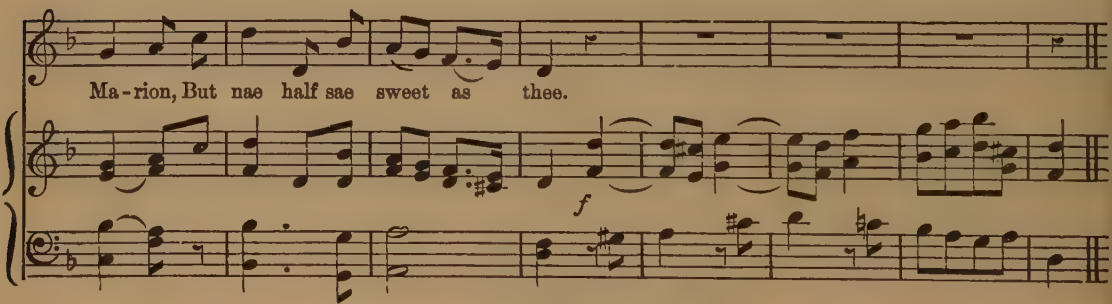
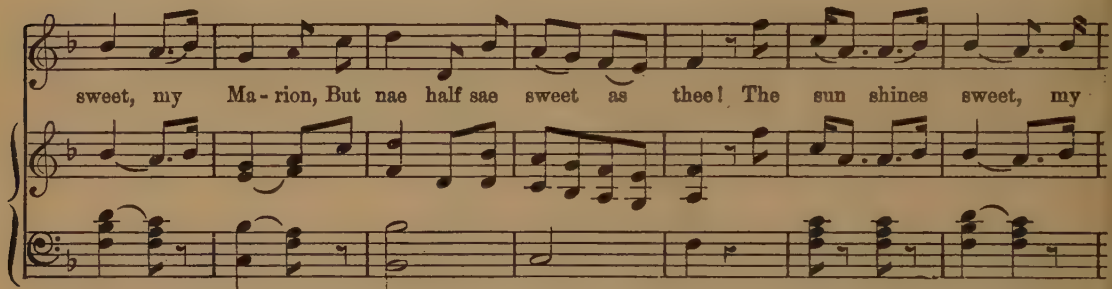
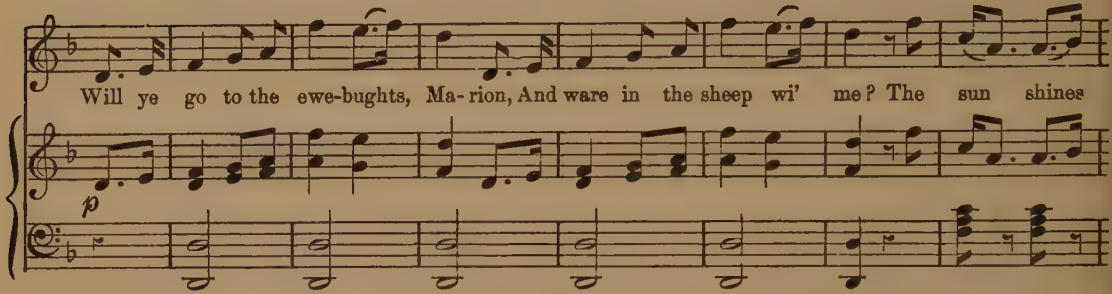
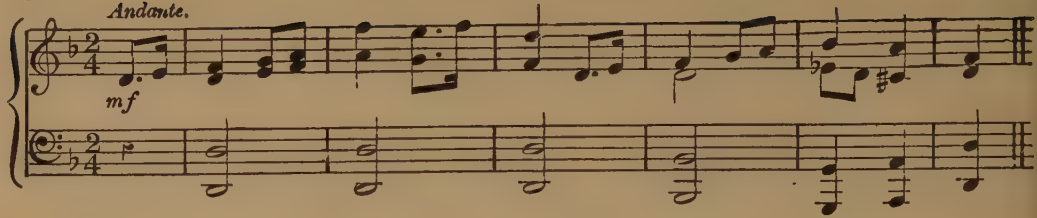
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast;  
 Thou dart of heav'n, that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!  
 Ye mustering thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see!  
 But spare, and pardon my false love  
 His wrongs to heav'n and me.

# The Ewe-bughts.

Anonymous.

*Andante.*

PIANO.



There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
And silk on your white hause-bane;  
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
Wha gape and glow'r with their e'e  
At kirk, when they see my Marion;  
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawny quye;  
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,  
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's got a green sey apron,  
And waistcoat o' London brown,  
And wow but ye will be vap'ring  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green;  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kirtle o' cramasie;  
And when ev'ning comes, my Marion,  
Then I'll come west and see thee.

*Moderato.*

PLANO.

8

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, To the

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the song, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with a 'p' (piano) marking at the beginning of the middle staff. The lyrics are: 'Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, To the'.

birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crys-tal streamlet plays, Come

let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A-ber-fel - dy.

*lento.*

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shawa,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, *etc.*

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.



# And ye shall walk in silk attire.

MUSANNA BLAMIRE.

English version.

*Andantino espressivo.*

PIANO.

And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, and sil - ler ha'e to

spare,..... Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald

mair. O, wha wad buy a silk - en gown Wi' a

poor..... bro - ken heart?..... Or what's to me a

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes various musical markings such as *rit.*, *tempo.*, *cresc.*, and *p*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?.. And ye shall walk in

silk at - tire, And sil - ler hae to spare,..... Gin

ye'll con-sent to be my bride. Nor think on Do - nald

mair

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,  
 Far dearer is to me;  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith  
 I'll lay me down and dee.  
 For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow  
 My lover's fate to share;  
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
 And what can man do mair?  
 And ye shall walk, etc

His mind and manners wan my heart,  
 He gratefu' took the gift;  
 And did I wish to see it back,  
 It wad be waur than theft:  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith  
 I'll lay me down and dee.  
 And ye shall walk, etc.

# And ye shall walk in silk attire.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

Scotch version.

*Andantino.*

PIANO

*dolce.*

*p*

And ye shall walk in  
silk at-tire, and sil-ler ha'e to spare,... Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor  
think on Do-nald mair. O, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken  
heart?... Or what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me;  
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith  
I'll lay me down and dee.  
For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow  
My lover's fate to share:  
And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
And what can man do mair?  
And ye shall walk, etc.

His mind and manners wan my heart,  
He gratefu' took the gift,  
And did I wish to see it back,  
It wad be waur than theft;  
For langest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me,  
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith  
I'll lay me down and dee.  
And ye shall walk, etc.



# The winter it is past.

*Andante sostenuto.*

PIANO.

The win-ter it is

past, and the sim-mer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev' - ry tree

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ve - ry sad, For my true love is

part - ed from me.

*mf*

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May give joy to the linnet and the bee;  
 Their little loves are bless'd, and their little hearts at rest:  
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun that in the sky doth run,  
 For ever so constant and true;  
 But hers is like the moon that wanders up and down,  
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,  
 I pity the pains you endure;  
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe—  
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

## Saw ye Johnnie comin'?

Anonymous.

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

Saw ye John-nie com-in' ? quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie com-in' ? Saw ye Johnnie com-in' ? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie com-in' ? O,

saw ye John-nie com-in' ? quo' she, Saw ye John-nie com-in', Wi' his blue bon-net on his head,

And his dog-gie rinnin' ? quo' she, And his doggie rin-nin' ?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him.  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a weel doin';  
 And a' the wark about the house  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he ?  
 What will I do wi' him ?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,  
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.  
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,  
 And for a merk o' mair fee,  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him;  
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him.  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

NOTE.—This tune with words by Burns will be found on the next page.

# Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.

BURNS.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

Thou hast left me e-ver, Ja-mie,

Thou hast left me e-ver, Thou hast left me e-ver, Ja-mie, Thou hast left me e-ver.

Af-ten hast thou vow'd that death On-ly should us sev-er, Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—

I maun see thee ne-ver, Ja-mie, I'll see thee ne-ver.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken,  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie.  
 Thou hast me forsaken,  
 Thou canst love another jo  
 While my heart is breaking,  
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close—  
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,  
 Never mair to waken.

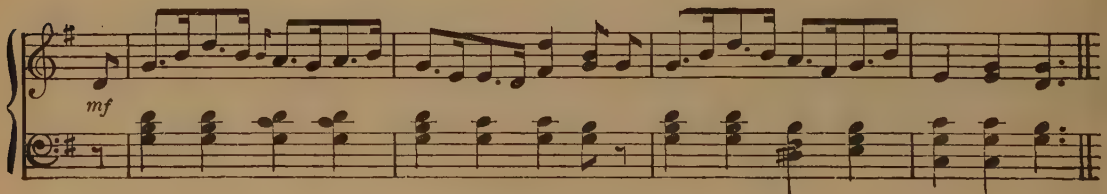
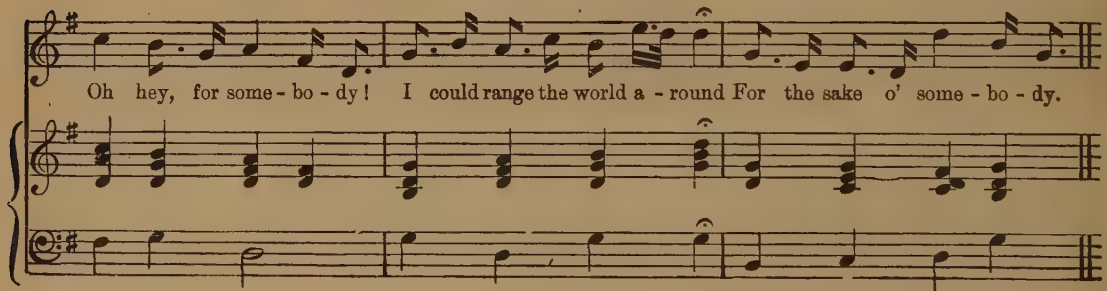
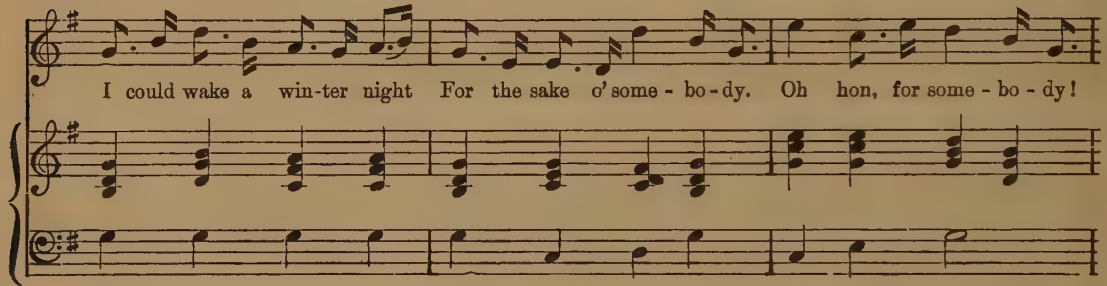
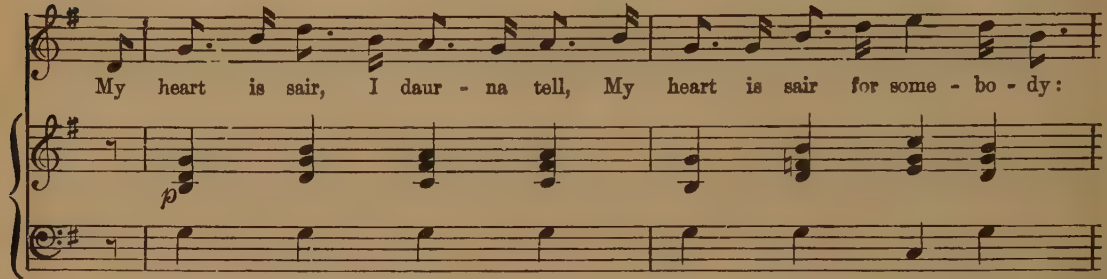
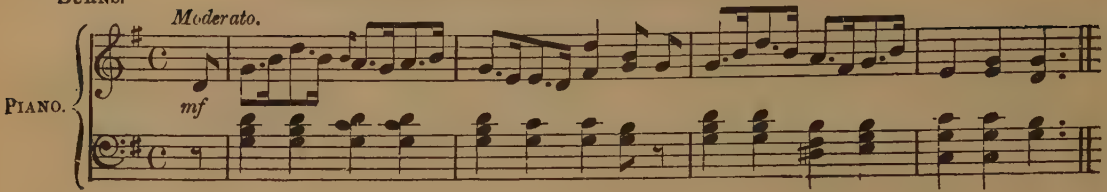


# My heart is sair for somebody.

BURNS.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.



Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O! sweetly smile on somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody  
 Oh hon, for somebody!  
 Oh hey, for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not,  
 For the sake o' somebody?

# What's a' the steer, kimmer?

Anonymous.

*Allegro.*

What's a' the steer, kimmer.

PIANO.

What's a the steer? Char - lie he is land - ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The

win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his back, I care - na, sin he's come, Carle, We

were na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,  
 I'm right glad to hear't;  
 I hae a gude braid claymore,  
 And for his sake I'll wear't;  
 Sin' Charlie he is landed,  
 We ha'e nae mair to fear;  
 Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,  
 We'll ha'e a jub'lee year.

## John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS. *Andante.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Andante*. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ends with a half note G. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the

ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your

locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der-son, my

jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a cantie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foo:  
 John Anderson, my jo.

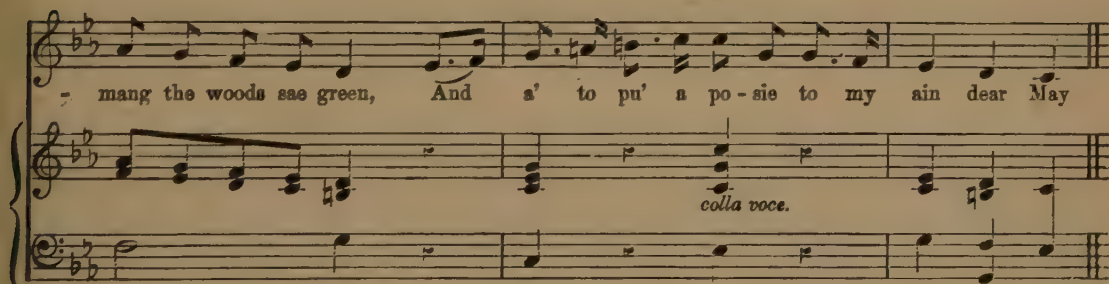
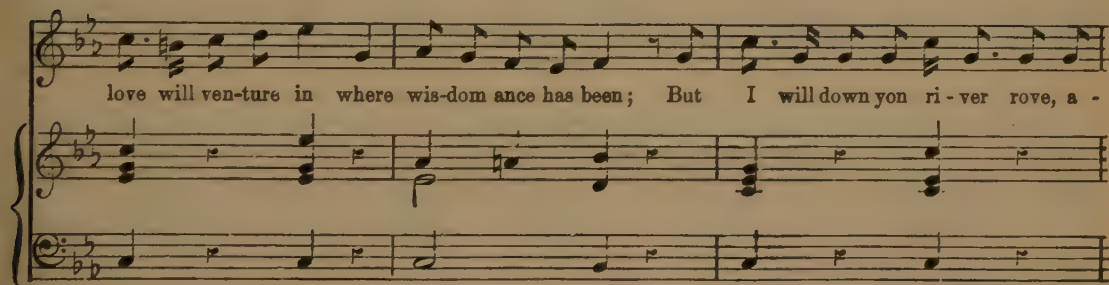
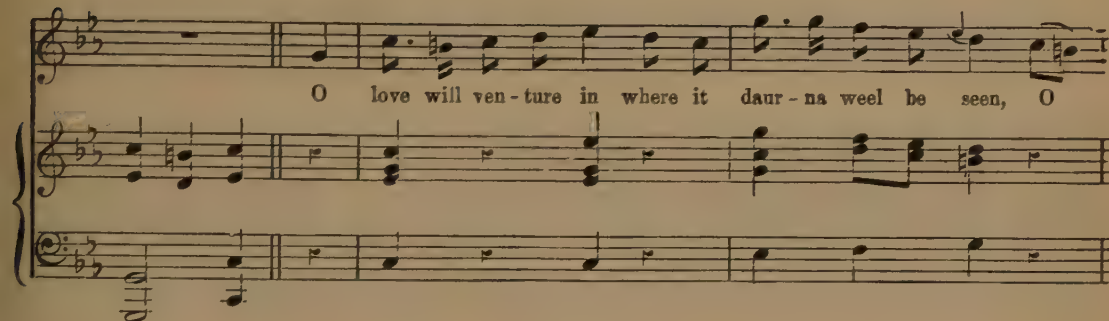
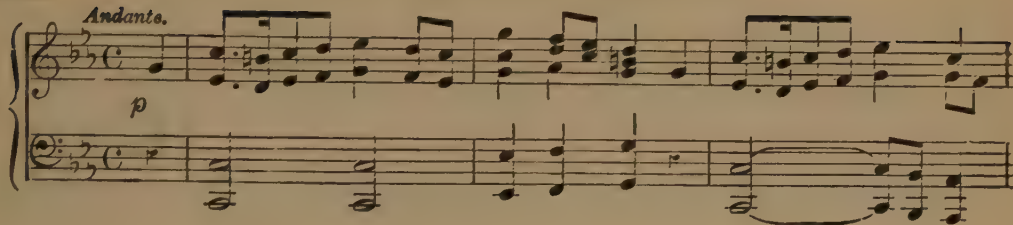


## O love will venture in.

BURNS.

*Andante.*

PIANO.



The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year;  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without  
 a peer;  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phebus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou!  
 The hvacinth for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there,  
 The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,  
 Where like an aged man it stands at break of day,  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak  
 away,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the ev'ning star is near,  
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear  
 The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love.  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er  
 remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

# Good night and joy be wi' ye a'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

*Moderato.*

This night is my de -

Good night, and joy oe

PIANO.

*f*

- parting night, For here nae lang-er must I stav: There's nei-ther friend nor foe o' mine But

wi' ye a', Your harm-less mirth has cheer'd my heart; May life's fell blasts out - o'er ye blaw! In

wish-es, wish-es me a-way. What I have done thro' lack of wit, I nev - er, nev - er

sor-row may ye nev-er part! My spi - rit lives, but strength is gone, The moun - tain-fires now

can re-call; I hope ye're a my friends as yet, Good - night and joy be wi' you a'.

blaze in vain; Re - mem-ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain!

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
Who show'd himsel' a better man,  
Or fiercer way'd the red claymore?  
But when in peace—then mark me there,  
When thro' the glen the wanderer came,  
I gave him of our hardy fare,  
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
Be canty, but be good and leal;  
Your ain ill's ay ha'e heart to bear,  
Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel;  
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';  
My parting breath shall boast you mine,  
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

NOTE.—The lines above the music are by Burns.

# My heart's in the Highlands.

Partly by BURNS.

Air from the Gaelic.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the

High-lands, a - chas - ing the deer; A - chas - ing the wild deer, and

fol - low - ing the roe, My heart's in the High-lands where - ev - er I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered wi' snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



# There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

BURNS

*Larghetto.*

By

PIANO. *p*

yon cas - tle wa', at the close o' the day, I heard a man

sing, tho' his head it was grey; And as he was sing - ing, the

tears down came, There'll ne - ver be peace un - til Jam - ie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:  
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—  
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:  
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,  
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

# The year that's awa'

*Moderato.*

Here's to the year that's a

*PIANO.* *mf* *p*

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The lyrics 'Here's to the year that's a' are written above the vocal staff. Dynamic markings 'mf' and 'p' are present in the piano part.

- wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bon-nie young

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics '- wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bon-nie young' are written below the vocal staff.

las-sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'! And here's to ilk bon-nie young

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'las-sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'! And here's to ilk bon-nie young' are written below the vocal staff.

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

lassie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....

*dsm.*

The fourth system concludes the piece with a 'tempo.' marking and an 'ad lib.' section. The lyrics 'lassie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....' are written below the vocal staff. A 'dsm.' marking is present in the piano part.

Here's to the soldier who bled—  
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!  
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled  
On the wings of the year that's awa'.  
Their fame is alive, etc

Here's to the friends we can trust  
When the storms of adversity blaw!  
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts.  
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.  
May they live in our song. etc.

## My ain fireside.

HAMILTON.

*Andantino.*

**PIANO.** *mf*

O, I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la - dies a'

cov - er'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de - light-ful I trow I ne'er spied As the

bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side, My ain fire - side, my ain fire-side, O,

sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

*mf*

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome  
 Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle; [ingle,  
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer  
 O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried  
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside,  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.



Anonymous.

## Tak' your auld cloak about ye.

*Marcato.*

TANO. *f*

*(Quasi Recit.)*

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il-ka hill, And Boreas, with his

*p*

blast sae bauld, Wasthreat'nin' a' our kye to kill, Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me right

has-ti-ly, Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life, And tak' your auld cloaka-bout ye.

*f* *ff*

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
And she has come of a good kin';  
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',  
And I am laith that she should tyne.  
Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
Sloth never made a gracious end,  
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak.  
When it was fitting for my wear;  
But now its scanty worth a groat,  
For I hae worn't this thretty year.  
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
We little ken the day we'll dee;  
Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn  
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when guid King Robert ran,  
His trows they cost but half-a-crown  
He said they were a groat owre dear,  
And ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.  
He was the King that wore the crown,  
And thou't a man o' low degree;  
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye

Ilka land has its ain lauch, [law]  
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
I think the world is a' gane wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
Do ye no see see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit hurklin in the asse?  
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Guidman, I wat it's thretty year,  
Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
And we hae had atween us twa,  
O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.  
Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray weel may they be;  
And if ye prove a guid husband,  
E'n tak' your auld cloak about ye

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she wad guide me, if she can  
And to maintain an easy life  
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.  
Nought's to be gain'd at women's han  
Unless ye gie them a' the plea:  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

TANNAHILL.

## The Braes of Balquhiddar.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f* *p*

Let us go, las-sie.

go To the braes of Bal-quhid-der, Where the blaë-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie Highland

hea-ther; Where the deer and the rae, light-ly bound-ing to-geth-er, Sport the

*animato.*

lang sim-mer day 'Mang the braes o' Bal-quhid-der. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the

braes o' Bal-quhid-der, Where the blaë-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther?

I will twine thee a bow'r,  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae dreary,  
And return wi' the spoils  
To the bower o' my dearie.  
Will ye go, etc.

When the rude wintr, win  
Idly raves round our dwelling,  
And the roar of the linn  
On the night-breeze is swelling:  
Sae merrily we'll sing  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the deer shieling ring  
Wi' the light liltin' chorus  
Will ye go, etc.

Now the summer is in prime  
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfuming;  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together.  
Where glad innocence reigns,  
'Mang the braes of Balquhiddar.  
Will ye go, etc.

BURNS.

## Highland Mary.

*Lento.*

PIANO.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams a-round The cas-tle o' Mont-go-me-ry, Green  
 be your woods and fair your dlow'rs, Your wa-ters nev-er drum-lie! There sim-mer first un-  
 -faulds her robes, And there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the last fare-well, O'  
 my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary,

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder:  
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly,  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'd me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



## O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f*

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw I dear - ly lo'e the west, For

there the bon-nie las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row, And

mo - ny a hill be - tween, Baith day and night my fan - cy's flight Is

ev - er wi' my Jean. I see her in the dew - y flow'rs, sae

love - ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird Wha's

mu - sic charms the air: There's not a bon - nie flow'r that springs By

foun - tain, shaw, or green, There's not a bon - nie bird that sings But

minds me o' my Jean.

O blow, ye westlin winds, blow soft  
 Among the leafy trees,  
 Wi' gentle gale frae hill and dale  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That's aye sae neat and clean;  
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care.  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes  
 Hae passed atween us twa!  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
 That day she gaed awa.  
 The powers aboon can only ken  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

## Maggie Lauder.

SEMPLE.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

Wha wad-na be in love Wi' bon-nie Mag-gie Lau-der? A pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And

*cresc. sempre.*

spier'd what was't they ca'd her; Right scornfully she answer'd him, "Begone, you hal-lan shak-er, Jog

on your gate, ye bladderscate, My name is Mag-gie Lauder."

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags  
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee.  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter.  
 Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live ye upon the border.  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,  
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 Weel done, quo' he: play up, quo' she:  
 Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 It's worth my while to play, indeed,  
 When I hae sic a dancer.  
 Weel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Sin' we lost Habby Simson.  
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster fair,  
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.



## O puirtith cauld.

*Affetuoso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a half note B-flat in the right hand, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands. The dynamic shifts to piano (p) after the first measure.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "O puir-tith cauld, and rest-less love, Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye; Yet". The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "puir-tith I could weel for-gie, An't wer-na for my Jean-ie. O why should fate sic". The piano part includes a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "plea-sure have, Life's dear-est bands un-twin-ing? Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love De-". The piano part includes a piano (p) marking.

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- pend on for-tune's shin-ing?". The piano part includes a forte (f) marking.

This world's wealth, when I think on  
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't.  
O why, etc.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray  
How she repays my passion;  
But prudence is her o'erword aye—  
She talks of rank and fashion.  
O why, etc.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
And sic a lassie by him?  
O, wha can prudence think upon,  
And sae in love as I am?  
O why, etc.

How blest the humble cottar's fate—  
He woos his simple dearie;  
The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
Can never make him eerie.  
O why, etc

## I hae laid a herrin' in saut.

JAMES TYTLER.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

*mf*

I hae laid a her - rin' in saut, Lass, gin ye lo'e me

*p*

tell me noo; I hae brew'd a four - pit o' maut, An' I can-na come il - ka day to woo.

I hae a cauf that'll soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo'e me tell me noo;

I hae a pig that'll soon be a sow, An I can-na come il - ka day to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;  
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a but, an' I hae a ben,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;  
 I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,  
 An' I canna come only mair to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;  
 An' ilka day she lays me an egg,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a kebbuck upon the shelf,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me tak' me noo;  
 I canna eat it a' myself,  
 An' I winna come only mair to woo.

## Turn again, thou fair Eliza.

BURNS.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal entry begins with the lyrics "Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind blink be - fore we". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second vocal entry begins with the lyrics "part, Rue on thy de - spair - ing lov - er, Canst thou break his faith - fu'". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The third vocal entry begins with the lyrics "heart? Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, If to love thy heart de -". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The fourth vocal entry begins with the lyrics "- nies, For pi - ty hide the cru - el sen - tence Un - der friend - ship's kind dis - guise." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended!  
 The offence is loving thee:  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever  
 Wha for thine would gladly die?  
 While the life beats in my bosom  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride of sunny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the simmer moon;  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture  
 That thy presence gies to me



# The yellow-hair'd laddie.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *mf*

The yel - low - hair'd lad - die sat down on yon brae, Cried, "Milk the ewes,

las - sie, let nane o' them gae." And aye as she milk - ed, she

*1st time.*

mer - ri - ly sang, "The yel-low-hair'd lad-die shall be my gude-man." And

*2nd time.*

be my gude - man."

*mf*

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin:  
 The ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught in—  
 They winna bught in, although I should dee;  
 O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.  
 They winna bught in, although I should dae;  
 O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny. come ben,  
 The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirn:  
 Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour,  
 I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae hauf hour;  
 It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'll e'en make it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

MAYNE.

## Logan Water.

*Lento.*

PIANO.

*mf*

By Lo-gan's streams that run sae deep, Fu' aft wi glee I've herd-ed sheep; I've

herd-ed sheep or gath-er'd slaes Wi' my dear lad on Lo-gan braes. But

wae's my heart, these days are gane, And, I wi' grief may herd a-lane, While

my dear lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,  
 Atween the preachin's, n eet wi' me—  
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 I weel may sing, thae days are gane,  
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en when hope amais't is gone  
 I daun'er out or sit alane,  
 Or sit alane beneath the tree  
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.  
 O! could I see thae days again,  
 My lover skaitless and my ain;  
 Beloved by friends, and far frae faes,  
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

## Robin Adair

BURNS.

English form of Melody.

*Affettuoso.*

What's this dull town to me?

PIANO *p*

Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to

hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a heav'n on earth?

*f* *dim.*

Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.

What made th' assembly shine?  
 Robin Adair.  
 What made the ball so fine?  
 Robin was there.  
 What when the play was o'er,  
 What made my heart so sore?  
 Oh, it was parting with  
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,  
 Robin Adair,  
 But now thou'rt cold to me,  
 Robin Adair,  
 Yet he I lov'd so well  
 Still in my heart shall dwell;  
 Oh, I can ne'er forget  
 Robin Adair.



## Robin Adair.

BURNS.

Irish and Scotch form of Melody.

*Andante.*  
*espressivo.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near.

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic pattern as the introduction.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns.

Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

The third system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

What made th' assembly shine?  
Robin Adair.  
What made the ball so fine?  
Robin was there.  
What when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore?  
Oh, it was parting with  
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,  
Robin Adair,  
But now thou'rt cold to me,  
Robin Adair.  
Yet he I lov'd so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell;  
Oh, I can ne'er forget  
Robin Adair.

# My Wife's a winsome wee thing.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

My

wife's a win-some wee thing, She is a hand-some wee thing, She is a bon-nie

wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine... I ne-ver saw a fair-er, I

ne-ver lo'ed a dear-er, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jew-el tine.

O leeze me on my wee thing,  
My bonnie, blithesome wee thing;  
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing  
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' the world's care we share o't,  
And may see meikle mair o't,  
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,  
And ne'er a word repine

# Last May a braw wooer.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *mf*

Last May a braw woo-er cam'  
down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I  
ha-ted like men; The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me, believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,  
And vow'd for my love he was deein';  
I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean;  
The guid-sakes forgi'e me for leein', for leein',  
The guid-sakes forgi'e me for leein'!

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand was his proffer.  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared;  
But thoct I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,  
But thoct I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do ye think, in a fortnicht or less—  
The diel's in his taste to gang near her!—  
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—  
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could  
bear her,  
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?  
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
Wha glower'd, as if he'd seen a warlock.

But ower my left shoulder I gi'd him a blink,  
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' counthie and sweet,  
Gin she had recovered her hearin'?  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shanched feet?  
Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged for gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
Sae, e'en to presérve the puir body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.



# There was a lad was born in Kyle.

BURNS, on his own birthday).

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of three staves each (treble, middle, and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the middle and bass clefs. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day or what-na style, I  
 doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro-bin. For  
 Ro-bin was a rovin'-in' boy, A ran-tin', rovin'-in', ran-tin', rovin'-in',  
 Ro-bin was a rovin'-in' boy; O ran-tin, rovin'-in' Ro-bin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win  
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be nae coof,  
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma,  
 But aye a heart aboon them a';  
 He'll be a credit till us a'.

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
 I see by ilka score and line,  
 This chap will dearly like our kin',  
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

## Whistle o'er the lave o't.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

First when Mag-gie was my care,

PIANO. *p*

Heav'n I thought was in her air; Now we're mar-ried speir nae mair, But

whis-tle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child;

Wis-er men than me's be-guil'd; Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg an' me,  
 How we love and how we gree,  
 I carena by how few may see;  
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 Wha I wish were maggot's meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,  
 I could write, but Meg maunt see't;  
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

## The Flowers o' the Forest.

MRS. COCKBURN.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

*dolce.*

I've seen the smil-ing of for - tune be - guil - ing, I've

tast - ed her plea - sures and felt her de-cay; Sweet was her bless - ing and

kind her ca - res - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a-way.



I've seen the for - est a - dorn - ed the fore - most, Wi' flow'rs o' the fair - est baith

plea - sant and gay, Sae bon-nie was their bloom - ing, their scent the air per - fum - ing, But

now they are with-er'd and a' wede a-way.

*dim.*

I've seen the morning  
 With gold the hills adorning,  
 And loud tempests storming before parting day,  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,  
 Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune!  
 Why this cruel sporting?  
 Oh! why thus perplex us poor sons o' a day?  
 Thy frown canna fear me,  
 Thy smile canna cheer me,  
 Since the flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

## Gloomy winter's now awa'.

TANNAHILL.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Gloo-my win-ter's now a - wa', Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw, 'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The

ma - vis sings fu' chee-rie, O; Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear - ly bell Decks Glen-if - fer's dew - y dell,

Blooming like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art - less dear - ie, O. Come, my las - sie, let us stray

O'er Glen-killoch's sun-ny brae, Blythe-ly spend the gow-den day 'Midst joys that nev - er wea - ry, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O;  
 Round the silvan fairy nooks  
 Feathery braikens fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O;  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring.  
 Joy to me they canna' bring.  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearia, O

BURNB.

## My Nannie, O.

*Andante.*

Be - hind yon hills where Lu-gar flows, 'Mang

moors and moss-es ma - ny, O, The win-try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' to

Nan - nie, O. The west-lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O, But I'll

get my plaid and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nan - nie, O.

*PIANO.* *mf* *f*

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young:  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 She's spotless as she's bonnie, O:  
 The op'nin' gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O,  
 But what care I how few they be?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O,  
 But world's gear never troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,  
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

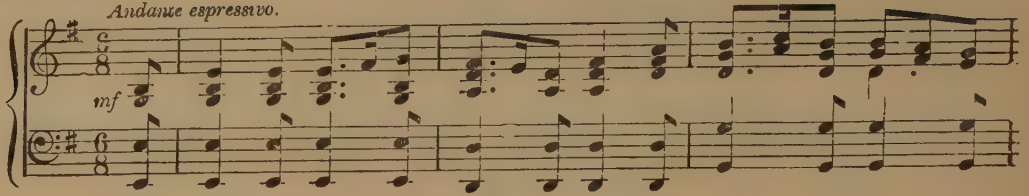


## O, saw ye my wee thing?

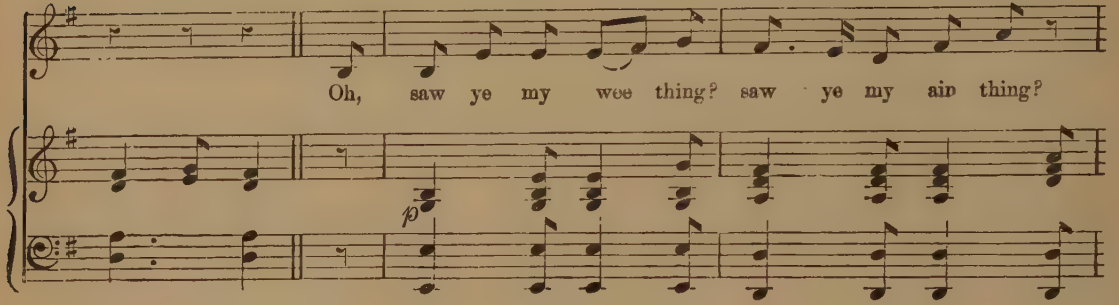
HECTOR MACNEILL.

*Andante espressivo.*

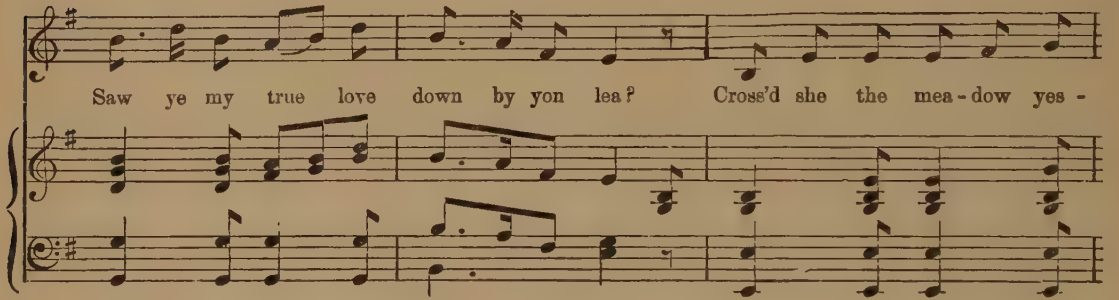
PIANO.



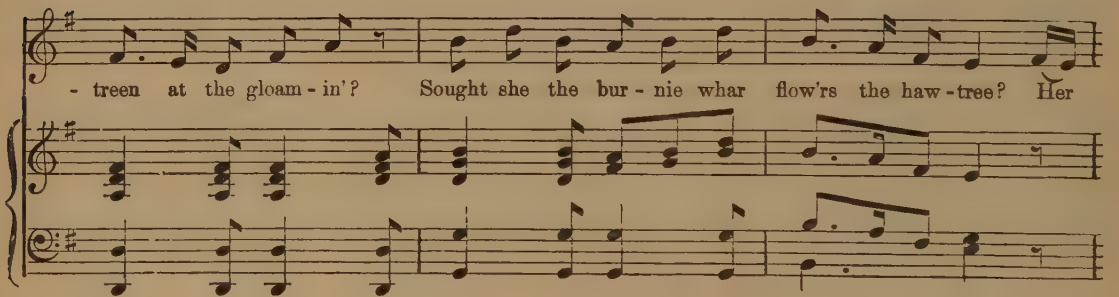
Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?



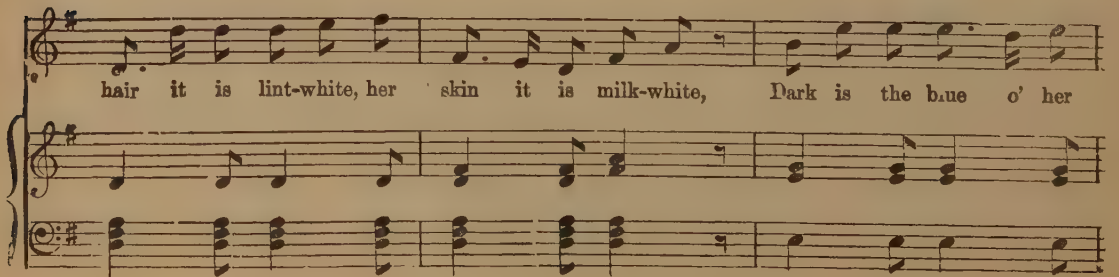
Saw ye my true love down by yon lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow yes -

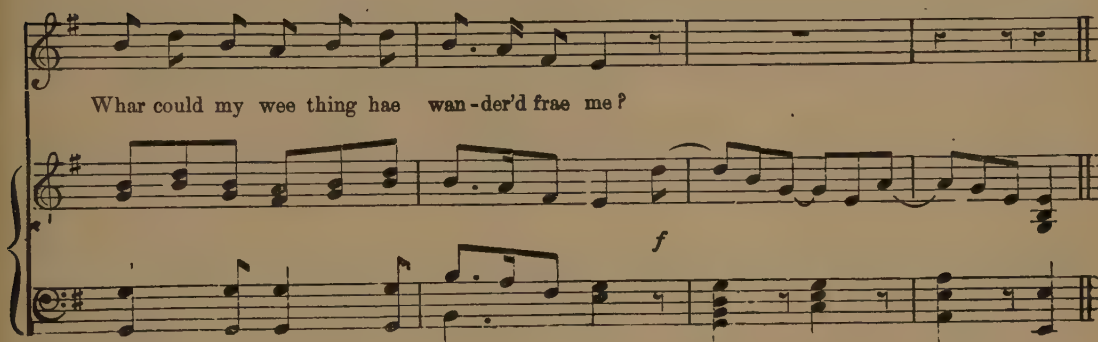
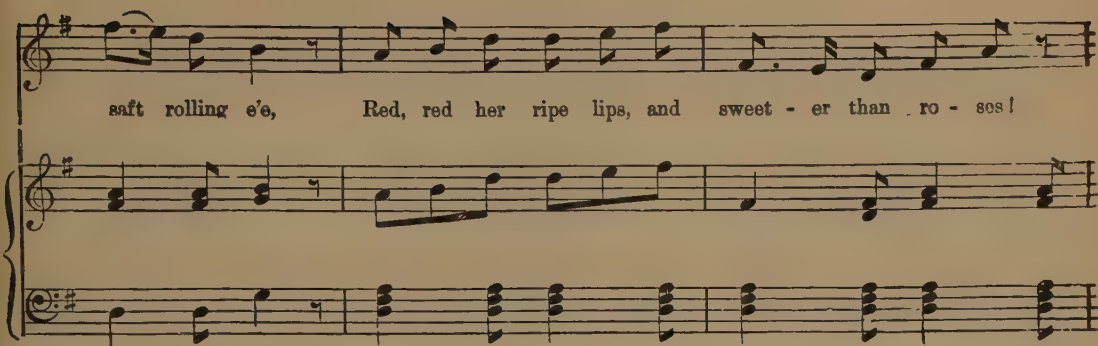


- treen at the gloam-in'? Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her



hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her





I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;  
 But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloamin',  
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.  
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white.  
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e,  
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree:  
 Proud is her leal heart, al' modest her nature,  
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.  
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,  
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;  
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,  
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,  
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;  
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
 And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;  
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,  
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling;—  
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.  
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?  
 Is it my true love here that I see?  
 O, Jamie, forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me,  
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

## Bide ye yet.

Anonymous.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

*p* *f* *p*

Gin I

had a wee house, and a can-tie wee fire, A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire, A bonnie wee gardie be -

- side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the bo-dies that yammer and mo'wn. Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye

lit-tle ken what may be-tide me yet, Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-tie wi'

think - in' o't, wi' think-in' o't, wi' think-in' o't, I'll ave be can-tie wi' think - in' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en  
I'll get my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean,  
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee  
That will cry Papa or Daddy to me.  
Sae bide ye yet, etc.

An' if there should happen ever to be  
A difference atween my wife an' me,  
In hearty good humour, although she be teased,  
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.  
Sae bide ye yet, etc.



BURNS.

## She's fair and fause.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*f*

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and lang... She's

 The first vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and lang... She's". The music is in 6/8 time and includes a forte (f) dynamic marking.

bro-ken her vow, she's bro-ken my heart, And I may e'en gae hang.... A

 The second vocal line continues the melody on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "bro-ken her vow, she's bro-ken my heart, And I may e'en gae hang.... A".

coof cam'in wi' routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est dear; But wo-man is but

 The third vocal line continues the melody on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "coof cam'in wi' routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est dear; But wo-man is but".

ward's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass gang....

*f*

 The fourth vocal line concludes the melody on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "ward's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass gang....". A forte (f) dynamic marking is present at the end of the line.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind.  
 O woman lovely, woman fair!  
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,  
 Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

# The deuks dang ow're my daddie.

*Moderato.*

The bairns gat out wi' an

PIANO. *f* *p*

un-co shout, The dauks dang ow're my dad-die, O, Quo'd our guid-wife, "Let him lie there, For he's

just a paid-lin' bo-dy, O. He paid-les out an' he paid-les in, He paid-les late and

ear-ly, O, This thir-ty years I hae been his wife, And com-fort comes but spare-ly, O!"

"Now hand your tongue," quo' our gudeman,  
 "And dinna be sae saucy, O;  
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,  
 I was baith young and gaucy, O.  
 I've seen the day you buttered my brase  
 An' cuitered me late an' early, O;  
 But auld age is on me now,  
 And vow but I fin't richt sairly, O."

BURNS.

## My tocher's the jewel.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f*

O, meikle thinks my love o' my beau-ty, And mei-kle thinks my love o' my kin; But

lit-tle thinks my love I ken braw-ly, My tocher's the jew-el has charms for him. It's

a' for the ap-ple he'll nourish the tree; It's a' for the hon-ey he'll cher-ish the bee; My

lad-die's sae mei-kle in love wi' the sil-ler, He can-na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 Bat an ye be crafty, I am cunning,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.



## Craigie-burn wood.

BURNS.

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Sweet fa's the eve on Crai-gie-burn, And blythe a-wakes the mor-row; But

*p*

a' the pride o' spring's re-turn Can yield me nought but sor-row. I

see the flow'rs and spread-ing trees, I hear the wild-birds sing-ing; But

what a wea-ry wight can please And care his bo-som wring-ing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet daurna for thine anger;  
 But secret love will break my heart  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love another,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

# The Maid of Islay.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then continues with a melodic line. The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the first measure of the right staff.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Ris - ing o'er the heav-ing bil-low, Ev'ning gilds the o-cean's swell, While with thee, on gras-sy pil-low,". The piano accompaniment continues the harmonic support.

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "So - li-tude, I love to dwell. Lone-ly to the sea breeze blow-ing, Oft I chant my love-lorn strain;". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

The third system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "To the streamlet, sweetly flowing, Murmur oft a lover's pain. 'Twas for her, the maid of Islay, Time flew o'er me wing'd wi' joy-". The piano accompaniment continues.

The fourth system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "'Twas for her the cheering smile aye Beam'd with rapture in my eye." followed by a full rest. The piano accompaniment continues.

Not the tempest raving round me,  
Light'ning's flash or thunder's roll;  
Not the ocean's rage could wound me  
While her image fill'd my soul.  
Farewell, days of purest pleasure,  
Long your loss my heart shall mourn,

Farewell, hours, of bliss the measure,  
Bliss that never can return.  
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,  
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,  
On the past with sadness pond'ring,  
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

## Auld lang syne.

BURNS.

*Affetuoso.*

PIANO.

Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance

be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.



LADY KEITH. When the King comes owre the water.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

*p*

I may sit in my wee croo house, At the rock and the reel to toil fu' drea-ry;

I may think on the day that's gane, And sigh and sab till I grow wea-ry. I

ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook A foreign loon to own or flat-ter, But

I will sing a - nith - er sang, That day our King comes owre the wa-ter.

O gin I live to see the day,  
That I hae begg'd and begg'd fra Heav'n,  
I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
And dance and sing frae morn till even:  
For there is ane, I winna name,  
That comes the reigning bike to scatter,  
And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
That day our King comes owre the water.

I hae seen the guid auld day,  
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,  
When Royal Stuarts bore the sway,  
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
Though lyart be my locks and grey,  
And eild has crook'd me down, what matter  
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,  
That day our King comes owre the water.

O curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,  
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,  
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.  
My father was a good lord's son,  
My mother was an Earl's daughter,  
And I'll be Lady Keith again,  
That day our King comes owre the water.

# Hey, Johnnie Cope.

Anonymous

*Allegro.*  
PIANO. *marcato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and common time. It begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the articulation is 'marcato'.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature remains three flats. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

sent a chal - lenge frae Dun - bar, . . . . "Char - lie meet me an' ye daur, And

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "sent a chal - lenge frae Dun - bar, . . . . 'Char - lie meet me an' ye daur, And". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet wi' me in the morn - ing." Hey'

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet wi' me in the morn - ing." Hey'". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "John-nie Cope, are ye wauk-in' yet? Or are your drums a-beat-in' yet? If ye were wauk-in' I wad wait, To gang to the coals i' the morn-ing."

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from;  
 "Come, follow me, my merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,  
 Come, let us try baith fire and sword,  
 And dinna flee like a frightened bird  
 That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss  
 To hae a horse in readiness  
 To nee awa' i' the morning.  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Eye, now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidie morning.  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
 They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men,  
 "The deil confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the morning."  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,  
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a strait,  
 So early in the morning.  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

"In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic flegs,  
 Wi' their claymores and filabegs,  
 If I face them deil break my legs,  
 So I wish you a' a good morning."  
 Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.



## Allister Macallister.

JAMES HOGG.

*Marcato.*

PIANO.

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a series of eighth notes in a descending and then ascending pattern, while the left hand (bass clef) plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The first vocal entry begins with a whole note rest in the right hand, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment in the left hand features a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are: "Oh, Al-lis-ter Mac Al-lis-ter, Your chant-er sets us a' a-steer, Get

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the left hand. The lyrics are: "out your pipes an' blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling. Now

The third vocal entry features a more complex melody with sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Al-lis-ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bumbees frae their bikes, The lads and lass-es loup the dykes, An'

ga-ther on the green. Oh, Al-lis-ter Mac Al-lis-ter, Your chant-er sets us a' a-steer, Then  
to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling.

*dimin.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is indicated as 'dimin.' (diminuendo). The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

The miller Rab was fidgeting fain,  
To dance the Highland fling his lane;  
He lap, he danced wi' might and main,  
The like was never seen.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

As' round about the ring he whuds,  
He cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds,  
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds  
And blinded a' their een.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

Neist rackle handed smithy Jock,  
A' blacken'd o'er with coom an' smoke,  
Wi' bletherin bleer-e'd Bess did yoke,  
That harum scarum queen.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

He shook his doublets in the wind,  
His feet like hammers strak the grund;  
The very moudie warts were stunn'd,  
Or kenn'd what it could mean.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was na blate,  
For he got haud o' winsome Kate;  
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate  
To dance the Highland fling."  
Oh, Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,  
And weary stumps are needin' rest;  
Besides wi' drouth they're sair distress'd  
Wi' dancing sae I ween.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

I trow the gauntree got a lift;  
An' round the bickers flew like drift;  
An' Allister that very nicht,  
Could scarcely stand his lane.  
Oh, Allister, &c.

# The Braes of Yarrow; or "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie wife."

HAMILTON.

*Andantino.*  
*dolce.*

PIANO.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some mar-row

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And think nae mair o' the braes of Yar-row.

Where got ye that bon - nie, bon-nie bride? Where got ye that win - some mar-row? I

got her where I dare - na well be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar-row.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.  
Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen  
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang, lang maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Pu'in the birks on the braes o' Yarrow:  
For she has tint her lover, lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow;  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love!  
In flowery bands thou didst him fether;  
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,  
Than me he did not love thee better.  
Busk ye, then, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks o' the Tweed,  
And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.



WM. CRAWFORD.

## The bush aboon Traquair.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho  
thus I lan - guish and com - plain, A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me. My  
vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed nev - er move.....her, The  
bon - nie bush a - boon.... Tra-quair, 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I tried to soothe my am'rous flame  
In words that I thought tender;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
The fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll aye remember;  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me.  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender;  
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

The DUKE OF GORDON.

## Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f*

There's cauld kail in A - ber-deen, An' cus-tocks in Stra' - bo - gie, Whaur

il - ka lad maun hae his lass, But I maun hae my co - gie. For I maun hae my

co - gie sirs, I can - na want my co - gie; I wad - na gie my three-girr'd cog For

a' the wives in Bo - gie.

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife  
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;  
But were she mine, upon my life  
I'd dook her in a bogie.

For I maun hae, etc.

*Another version.*

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And bannocks in Stra'bogie;  
But naething drives awa' the spleen  
Sae weel's a social cogie.  
That mortal's life nae pleasure shares  
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;  
Whane'er I'm fasht wi' wardly cares  
I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass  
With spirits brisk and vogie,  
Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,  
My cronies, and my cogie.  
Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang,  
Siclike as Kath'rine Ogie;  
A gude auld sang comes never wrang  
When o'er a social cogie.

Anonymous.

## I'm owre young to marry yet.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

*f*

For I hae had my ain way,  
 Nane dare to contradict me yet;  
 Sae soon to say I wad obey,  
 In truth, I darena venture yet.  
 For I'm, etc.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.  
 For I'm, etc.



## The lass of Patie's mill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Andantino.*  
*dolce.*  
 PIANO.

The lass o' Pa-tie's mill,..... Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay, In  
 spite of a' my skill,... She stole my heart a - way. When ted - din' o' the  
 hay,..... Bare - head - ed on the green, Love 'midst her locks did  
 play, An' wan - ton'd in her een.

*dim.*

Without the aid of art,  
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguiled;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insured long life and health  
 And pleasure at my will,  
 I'd promise and fulfil  
 That none but bonnie she,  
 The lass of Patie's mill,  
 Should share the same with me.

# Smile again, my bonnie lassie.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO. *mf*

The moon is blink-ing o'er the lea, I

*p*

ken her horn, my bon-nie las-sie, But 'tis not half sae dear to me As thy sweet

smile, my bon-nie las-sie. Smile a-gain, oh! smile a-gain, once a-gain, my bon-nie

las-sie, There's nought in life sae dear to me as thy sweet smile, my bon-nie las-sie.

A star is peepin' o'er the lea,  
 I ken it's light, my ain dear lassie;  
 But ah! it looks so lorn though bright,  
 'Tis just like me without thee, lassie.  
 Come again, oh, come again, once again, my bonnie lassie;  
 I'll sing a song of brighter days when by thy side, my bonnie lassie.

## The Soldier's return.

BURNS.

*Tempo di marcia moderato.*

PIANO.

When wild war's dead - ly

blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re - turn - ing, Wi' mony a sweet babe fa - therless, And

mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing; I left the lines and tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a

lodg - er; My hum - ble krap - sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon - est sodg - er.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn  
 Where Nancy oft I courted.  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
 Beside her mother's dwelling!  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling,  
 Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom:  
 O! happy, happy may he be  
 That's dearest to thy bosom!  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain I'd be thy lodger,  
 I've served my king and country lang;  
 Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever;  
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'd,  
 Forget him will I never!  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake o't;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.  
 She gazed—she reddened like a rose,  
 Syne pale as ony lily;  
 Then sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
 By Whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man! and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded.



## Bonnie wee thing.

BURNS.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The left hand plays a harmonic accompaniment in bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by chords of G3-B3-D4, G3-B3-D4, and G3-B3-D4, ending with a half note F#3.

The first vocal line is in treble clef, marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (eighths), C5-B4 (eighths), A4-G4 (eighths), F#4 (half). The lyrics are: "Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

The second vocal line is in treble clef. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (eighths), C5-B4 (eighths), A4-G4 (eighths), F#4 (half). The lyrics are: "I would wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine." The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

The third vocal line is in treble clef, marked with an asterisk '\*'. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (eighths), C5-B4 (eighths), A4-G4 (eighths), F#4 (half). The lyrics are: "Wist - ful - ly I look and lan - guish In that bon - nie face o' thine;". The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

The fourth vocal line is in treble clef, marked with a final repeat sign '8'. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (eighths), C5-B4 (eighths), A4-G4 (eighths), F#4 (half). The lyrics are: "And my heart it stounds wi' an - guish Lest my wee thing be na mine." The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

\* Wit and grace, and love and beauty  
 In one starry cluster shine;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine.  
 Bonnie wee thing.

# O, true love is a bonnie flower.

*Andantino.*

**PIANO.** *espressivo.* *p*

O, true love is a bon-nie flow'r That  
 buds in many a bo - som, But pride's cauld blast will nip its bloom, And  
 with - er il - ka blos - som. A - las! I've lost my luck - less heart, And  
 o' this life I'm wea - ry; Wi' a' on earth I'd eith - ly part, But no wi' thee, my dear-ie!

When first I saw thy bonnie face,  
 Love's pawkie glances won me;  
 Now could neglect and studied scorn  
 Have fatally undone me.  
*Alas! I've lost, etc.*

Were our fond vows but empty air,  
 And made but to be broken?  
 That ringlet of thy raven hair,  
 Was't but a faithless token?  
*Alas! I've lost, etc.*

In vain I've tried each artfu wile  
 That's practised by the lover;  
 But naught, alas, when once it's lost,  
 Affection can recover.  
 Then break, my poor deluded heart.  
 That never can be cheerie;  
 But while life's current there shall flow  
 Sae lang I'll lo'e my dearie!

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks

BURNS

*Affettuoso.*

PLANO.

mf

Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie,

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O? Now na-ture cleads the flow'ry lea, And

a' is young and sweet like thee; O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?

• And when the welcome simmer-shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, *et c.*

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, *etc.*



# The ewie wi' the crooked horn.

*Allegro moderato*

PIANO.

*p* *cresc.* *f* *p*

O, were I a-ble to rehearse My ew-ie's praise to pro-per verse, I'd sound it out as loud and fierce As

*p*

ev-er pi-per's drone could blaw. My ew-ie wi' the crook-ed horn, A' that kend her could hae sworn

*S*

Sic a ew-ie ne'er was born, Here a-bout or far a-wa.

*S*

She neither needed tar nor keil  
To mark her upon hip or heel;  
Her crooked hornie did as weel  
To ken her by amang them a'.  
The ewie, etc.

Could nor hunger never dang her,  
Wind nor weat could never wrang her;  
Once she lay a week and langer  
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.  
The ewie, etc.

I looked aye at even for her,  
Lest mishanter should come o'er her.  
Or the founart might devour her,  
Gin the beastie bade awa'.  
The ewie, etc.

Yet, Monday last, for a' my keeping,  
I canna speak o't without greeting,  
A villain came when I was sleeping,  
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.  
The ewie, etc.

I sought her sair upon the morn,  
And down 'aneath a buss o' thorn  
I got my ewie's crooked horn,  
But, ah! my ewie was awa'.  
The ewie, etc.

But gin I had the loon that did it,  
I hae sworn as well as said it,  
Though the laird himsel' forbid it,  
I wad gie his neck a thravw.

The ewie, etc.

O! had she dee'd o' crook or cauld,  
As ewies do when they are auld,  
It wadna been by mony fauld  
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.  
The ewie, etc.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,  
The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awn'.  
The ewie, etc.

But, silly thing, to lose her life  
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife;  
I'm really fear'd that our gudewifs  
Sall never win aboon't awa'.  
The ewie, etc.

O, a' ye bards about Kinghorn,  
Call up your muses, let them mourn,  
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn  
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'.  
The ewie, etc.

JEAN GLOVER.

## O'er the muir amang the heather.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A - mang the bon - nie bloom-in' hea-ther,

There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gi-ther; O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther,

O'er the Muir a-mang the hea-ther, There I met a bonnie las-sie, Keeping a' her ewes the-gi-ther.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whither?  
 Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir, etc.

We sat us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir, etc.

While thus we sat she sung a sang,  
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
 And aye the burden o' the sang  
 Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.  
 O'er the muir, etc.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
 I couldna think on ony ither,  
 By sea and sky, she shall be mine!  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather  
 O'er the muir, etc.

*Allegro.*

*f*

*Allegro.*

**PIANO.** *f*

"Come un-der my plai-die, the

night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw: Come

un-der my plai-die and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-

-lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plai-die and sit down be-side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'-ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un-der my plai-die, and

sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa."

*f*

"Gae wa wi your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snaw;  
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye,  
Ye might be my gutcher—auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,  
He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw!  
Nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu' or tightly,  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa,  
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;  
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,  
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
Be frank now, and kin'ly, I'll busk ye aye finely,  
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;  
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
An' flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father aye tauld me, my mither an' a',  
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;  
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,  
But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!  
I ha'e little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,  
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'!  
Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,  
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
Where Johnnie was list'nin, and heard her tell a';  
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
And strak 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.  
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,  
And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw.  
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women  
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
They tak' up wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.  
Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha you marry,  
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca'.  
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,  
When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and aw'."

# Gin a body meet a body.

Anonymous.

*Allegretto moderato.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Com-in' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,". The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "Need a bo-dy cry: Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet". The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye." The piano accompaniment features a *p* (piano) marking and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Need a body frown?  
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

Among the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel';  
But what his name, or whaur his hame  
I dinna care to tell.  
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

# The wee, wee German Lairdie.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f* *p*

Wha the deil has we got - ten

for a King, But a wee, wee Ger - man Lair - die; When we gaed owre to bring him hame, He was

del - vin' in his kail yar - die. He was sheughing kail and lay - ing leeks, With - out the hose and

but the breeks, And up his beg - gar duds he cleeks, This wee, wee Ger - man Lair - die.

And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,  
The wee, wee German Lairdie;  
And he's brought forth o' his foreign trash,  
And dibbled them in his yardie.  
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
And brok'n the harp o' Irish clowns,  
But our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs,  
This wee, wee German Lairdie,

Come up amang our hieland hills,  
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,  
And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,  
They hae dibbled in our kail yardie  
And if a stock ye daur to pu',  
Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,  
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou'  
Ye feckless German Lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou art ower cauld a hole,  
For nursin' siccan vermin;  
But the very dogs in England's court,  
They bark and howl in German.  
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,  
Thy spade but and thy yardie,  
For wha the deil now claims your land  
But a wee, wee German Lairdie.



## Oh wert thou in the cauld blast.

BURNS.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

Oh  
wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, on yon - der lea, My  
plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee. Or  
did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy  
bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.

O were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or, were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

BURNS.

## Tam Glen.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

My heart is a break - in', dear tit - tie, Some coun - sel un - to me come

len', To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But what will I do wi' Tam

Glen? I'm think - ing wi' sic a braw fal - low, In puir - tith I might mak' a

fen; What care I in rich - es to wal - low, If I maun - na mar - ry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
 Gude day to you, coof! he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him  
 He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;  
 But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 Yestreen at the Valentines' dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
 And thrice it was written— Tam Glen

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin',  
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,  
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly. Tam Glen.

## I lo'e na a laddie but ane.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

*PIANO.* *Affettuoso.* *dolce.*

I lo'e na a lad-die but ane,.. He lo'es na a las-sie but me;.. He's will-in' to make me his

ain,... And his ain I am will-in' to be.... He coft me a roke-lay o' blue,... And a

pair o' mittens o' green; He vow'd that he'd ev-er be true, And I plighted my troth yes-green.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree,  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.  
 His words mair than sugar are sweet,  
 His sense drives ilka fear far awa';  
 I listen, poor fool, and I greet,  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,  
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird hath baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O, Menie! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 True love is the guardian of mine."

He ends wi' a kiss an a smile,  
 Wae's me, can I take it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daunt and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.



## The bonnie house o' Airlie.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

It fell on a day, a  
 bon - ny sim - mer day, When the corn grew green and yel - low, That there fell out a  
 great dis - pute Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie, That there fell out a great dis - pute Be -  
 - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hundred o' his men,  
 A hundred men and mairly,  
 And he's awa' on yon green shaw,  
 To plunder the bonnie nous. o' Airlie.

The lady look'd owre the hie castle wa',  
 And oh! but she sighed sairly,  
 When she saw Argyle and a' his men,  
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, Lady Margaret," he says,  
 "Come down to me, lady Airlie,  
 Or I swear by the brand I haud in my hand,  
 I winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyle,  
 Until that ye spak mair fairly,  
 Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye haud in your hand,  
 'That ye winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie.

Had my ain lord been at his hame,  
 But he's awa' wi' Charlie,  
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle,  
 Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie.

But since we can haud out nae mair,  
 My hand I offer fairly;  
 O! lead me down to yonder glen,  
 That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand,  
 But he's no ta'en her fairly,  
 For he led her up to a hie hill tap,  
 Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sae hie,  
 Soon left the wa's but barely;  
 And she laid her down on that hill to dee,  
 When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

## Woo'd and married and a'.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 9/8. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An', O, as she dighted her cheeks; Sirs, I'm to be married the night, An' have  
 nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets. Have nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare-ly a cov-er-let too; The  
 bride that has a' things to bor-row, Has e'en right mic-kle a - do. Woo'd and mar-ried and a',  
 Mar-ried and woo'd and a'; And is she nae ve-ry well off That is woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Out spake the auld gudeman,  
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh;  
 O dochter, hand your tongue,  
 And ye'se get gear enough:  
 The stirk that stands in the byre,  
 And our braw cowte forbye—  
 Keep up your heart, my lass,  
 Ye's hae baith horse and kye.  
 Woo'd and married, *etc.*

The mither she spake neist—  
 What needs sae mickle pride?  
 I hadna a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,  
 And petticoats only twa;  
 An' ve hae ribbons an' buskins,  
 What wad ye be at a' a'!  
 Woo'd and married, *etc.*

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he cam in wi' the kye—  
 Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ve  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.  
 Woo'd and married, *etc.*

The bridegroom he spake neist,  
 And he spake up wi' pride—  
 'Twas no for gowd or gear  
 I sought you for my bride;  
 I'll be prouder o' you at hame,  
 Although our haddin' be sma',  
 Than gin I had Kate o' the Croft,  
 Wi' her pearlins and brooches an a'  
 Woo'd and married. *etc.*

## The weary pund o' tow.

Anonymous.

*Lento.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in 4/4 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by a half note F#4, and then a series of chords. The left hand is in 3/4 time, starting with a half note G3, followed by a half note F#3, and then a series of chords. The tempo is marked *Lento.* and the dynamics are *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o tow; I think my wife will". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "end her life Be-fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint. As". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "guid as e'er did grow, An a' that she has made o' that Is ae puir pund o' tow." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

\* There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyont the ingle lowe,  
 An' aye she took the tither souk  
 To drouk the stourie tow.  
 The weary pund, etc.

Quo' I, For shame, ye dorty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brak' it o'er my pow.  
 The weary pund, etc.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;  
 An' or I'll wed anither jade,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, etc.



## Kind Robin lo'es me.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

*p*

O, Ro-bin is my

on-ly joe, For Ro-bin has the art to lo'e; So to his suit I mean to bow, Be-

- cause I ken he lo'es me. O hap-py, hap-py was the show'r That led me to his

birk-en bow'r, Where first of love I fand the pow'r, And kenn'd that Ro-bin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
 He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,  
     Because my Robin lo'es me.  
 My sister Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I ere lang be made to see  
     That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,  
 Me and my honest Rob between.  
 And in his wooing, O how keen  
     Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,  
 And hasten on the happy day,  
 When, "join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
     And make him mine that lo'es me.

## The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.

*Andante moderato.*

How blythe was I ilk

*Piano.* *mf* *p*

morn to see My swain come o'er the hill; He leap'd the burn and flew to me, I

met him wi' good will. O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom, The broom o' the Cow-den-knowes; I

wish I were wi' my dearswain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

*dim.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb  
While his flock near me lay;  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me a' the day  
O, the broom, *etc*

He tun'd his pipe and played sae sweet,  
The birds sat list'n'g by;  
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.  
O, the broom, *etc*

While thus we spent our time by turns  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envied not the fairest dame,  
Though neer sae rich and gay  
O, the broom, *etc.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu,  
Farewell, a' pleasures there;  
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
Is a' I crave or care.  
— O, the broom, *etc*

Hard fate that I should banish'd be.  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.  
O, the broom, *etc.*

He did oblige me every hour,  
Could I but faithful be?  
He staw my heart, could I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
O, the broom, *etc.*

My doggie and my little kit  
That held my wee sop whey,  
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick  
May now lie useless by.  
O, the broom, *etc.*

## Lewie Gordon.

GEDDES.\*

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

O send Lew-ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I daur-na name,

*p*

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon, my Highlandman!

Oh my bon-nie Highlandman! Weel wad I my true love ken A - mang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee—  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi.  
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Princely youth of whom I sing,  
Thou wert born to be a king;  
On thy breast a regal star  
Shines on loyal hearts afar.  
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc

Oh, to see this wished-for one  
Seated on a kingly throne;  
All our griefs would disappear,  
We should hail a joyful year.  
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

\* A Roman Catholic Priest in Banffshire. The song is Jacobite, "O the lad I daurna name," Prince Charles Edward Stuart.



## Afton Water

BURNS.

*Andante.*

PIANO

*sostenuto.*

Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!  
 There daily I wander as morn rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!  
 There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave  
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

# O, dinna think, bonnie lassie.

Ancient and anonymous.

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *dolce.*

O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

*p*

I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll

tak' a stick in - to my hand, and come a - gain and see you. Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,

dark's the night an' ee - rie! Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie:

Owre the muir and thro' the glen ghaists mayhap will fear ye; O, stay at hame, it's late at night, an'

din - na gang an leave me.

It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see thee.  
 O, dinna think, *etc.*

Wayes are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;  
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;  
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;  
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.  
 O, dinna think, *etc.*

O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 For let the warld gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.  
 O, dinna think, *etc.*



## Where are the joys?

BURNS.

*Andante.*

PIANO

*mf*

Where are the joys I have met in the morn-ing, That danced to the lark's ear-ly

song; Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wand'-ring At

ev'n - ing the wilds woods a - mong?

*dim.*

No more a-winding the course of yon river,  
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;  
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,  
And grim, surly winter is near?  
No, no; the bees humming round the gay roses,  
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

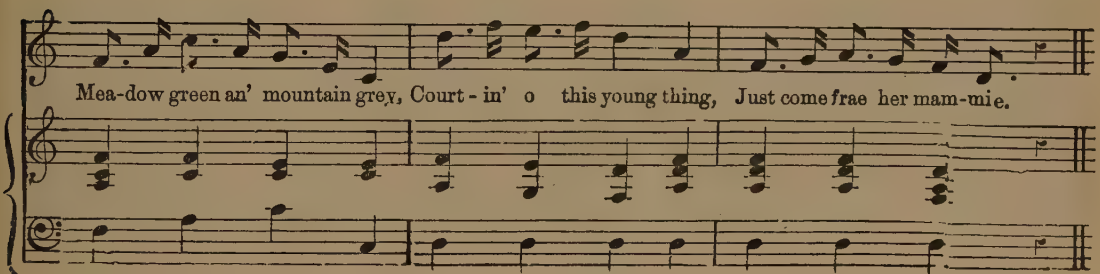
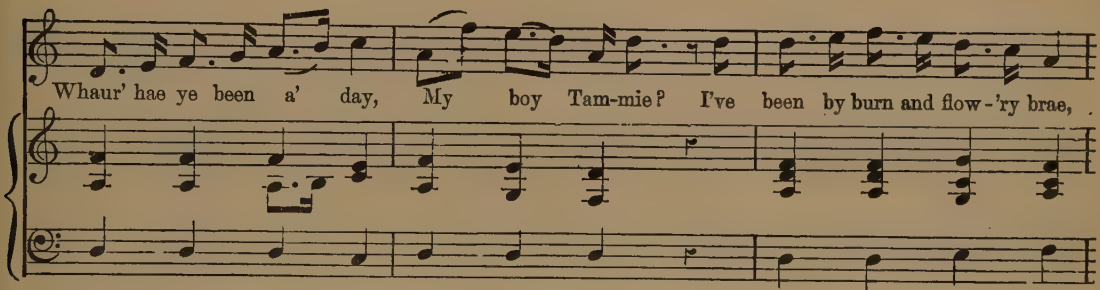
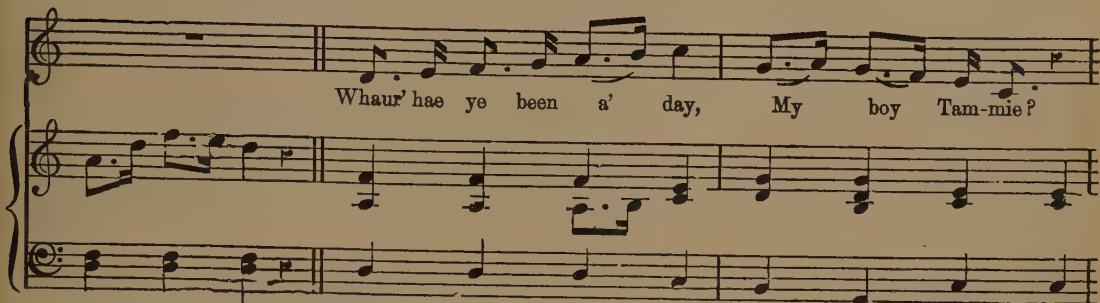
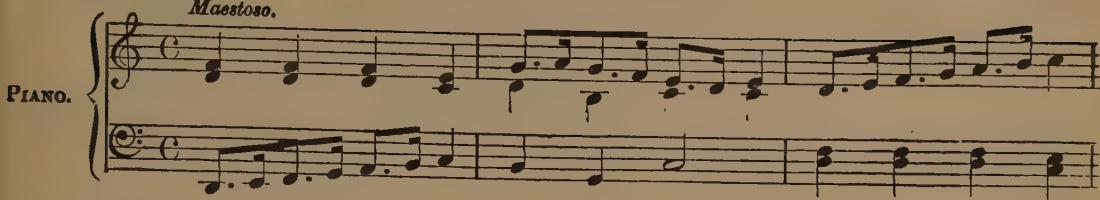
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet long, long too well have I known,  
All that has caus'd this sad wreck in my bosom  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

HERCTOR MECNEIL.

## My boy Tammie.

*Maestoso.*

PIANO.



Whaur' gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy, Tammie?  
 I got her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomie knowe,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,  
 For her puir mammie.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy, Tammie?  
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';  
 An' preed it aft; as ye may trow!—  
 She said she'd tell her mammie.

I held her to my beatin' heart,  
 My young, my smiling lammie!  
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;  
 Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your mammie.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
 I maunna leave my mammie.  
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—  
 My father's death brought mony waes!  
 I canna leave my mammie.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain.  
 My ain kind-hearted lammie.  
 We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
 The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,  
 There! gang and ask my mammie.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee.  
 My boy, Tammie?  
 She has been to the kirk wi' me.  
 An' the tear was in her e'e:  
 For O! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammie

BURNS.

## Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon.

*Andante cantabile.*

PIANO.

Ye banks and braes o'

bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye

warb - ling bird, That war - bles on the flow' - ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -

- part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

Of hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon  
 By morning and by evening shine  
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves  
 As fondly once I sang o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand,  
 And pu'd a rosebud from the tree;  
 But my fause rover stole the rose,  
 And left the thorn wi me



DAVID MALLET.

## The Birks of Invermay.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

*p**mf*

The smi - ling morn, the breath - ing Spring In - vite... the tune - ful

birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love melts the u - ni -

- ver - sal lay. Let us, A - man - da, time - ly wise, Like them.. im - prove the

hour that flies, And sing as sweet and blithe as they A - mang the birks of In - ver-may.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;  
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about their dams;  
 The busy bees, with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice:  
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray  
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams:  
 The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance:  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the birks of Invermay

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade:  
 Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more,  
 And when they droop, and we decay  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

## John of Badenyon.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

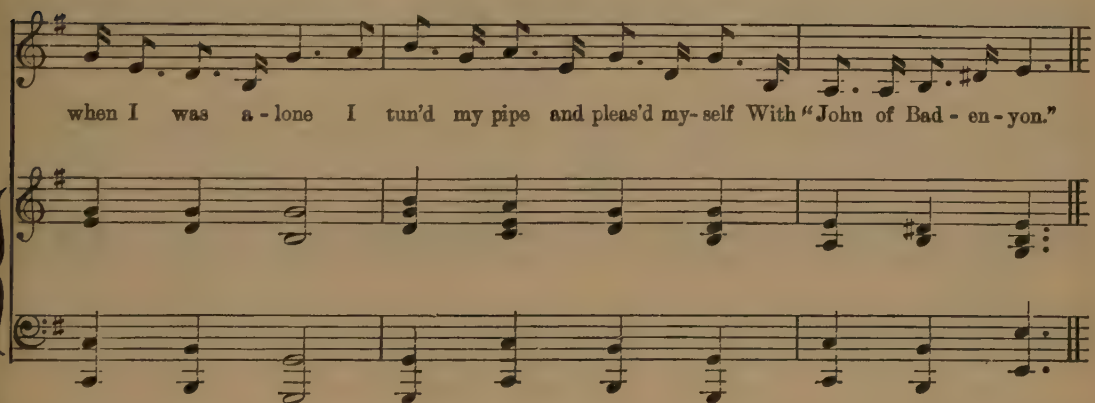
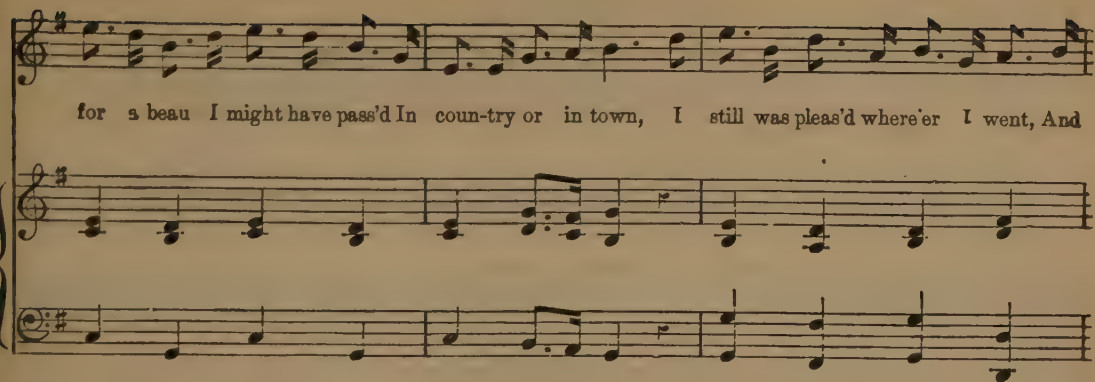
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively melody. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "When first I came to be a man Of twen-ty years or so, I". The music is in the same key and time as the introduction.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "thought my-self a hand-some youth, And fain the world would know; In".

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "best at-tire I stept a-broad, With spi-rits brisk and gay, And here and there and ev'-ry where Was".

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "like a morn in May. No care I, had nor fear of want, But ram-bled up and down, And".



Now, in the days of youthful prime,  
 A mistress I must find;  
 For love, they say, gives one an air,  
 And e'en improves the mind:  
 On Phillis fair, above the rest,  
 Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes;  
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
 And she became my choice:  
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,  
 I offer'd many a vow,  
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,  
 As other lovers do:  
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,  
 I found her cold as stone;  
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe  
 To "John of Badenyon."

When love had thus my heart beguild  
 With foolish hopes and vain,  
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,  
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain:  
 A friend I got by lucky chance,  
 'Twas something like divine;  
 An honest friend's a precious gift,  
 And such a gift was mine.  
 And now whatever might betide,  
 A happy man was I;  
 In any strait I knew to whom  
 I freely might apply:  
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,  
 He heard and spurn'd my moan;  
 I hid me home, and tun'd my pipe  
 To "John of Badenyon."

What next to do? I mus'd awhile,  
 Still hoping to succeed;  
 I pitch'd on books for company,  
 And gravely tried to read;  
 I bought and borrow'd ev'rywhere,  
 And studied night and day,  
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,  
 That happen'd in my way.  
 Philosophy I now esteem'd  
 The ornament of youth,  
 And carefully thro' many a page  
 I hunted after truth:  
 A thousand various schemes I tried,  
 And yet was pleas'd with none;  
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe  
 To "John of Badenyon."

And now, ye youngsters, ev'rywhere,  
 Who want to make a show,  
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope  
 For happiness below;  
 What you may fancy pleasure here  
 Is but an empty name;  
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so  
 You'll find them all the same.  
 Then be advis'd, and warning take,  
 From such a man as me;  
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal,  
 Nor one of high degree;  
 You'll find displeasure ev'rywhere,  
 Then do as I have done:  
 E'en tune your pipe and please yourself  
 With "John of Badenyon."



## Gilderoy.

Anonymous. (1650).

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The music begins with a half note G in the right hand and a half note G in the left hand, followed by a series of chords and moving lines.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "The last, the fa - tal hour is come That bears my love from me; I".

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hear the dead note of the drum, I mark the gal - lows - tree. The".

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bell has toll'd, it shakes my heart; The trum - pet speaks thy name; And".

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "must my Gil - de - roy de - part, To bear a death of shame!".

Oh, Gilderoy, bethought we then  
 So soon, so sad to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
 You triumph'd o'er my heart?  
 Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,  
 Your hunter garb was trim;  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb!

A long adieu! but where shall fly  
 Thy widow all forlorn,  
 When ev'ry mean and cruel eye  
 Regards my woe with scorn?  
 Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,  
 And hate thy orphan boy;  
 Alas, his infant beauty wears  
 The form of Gilderoy.

## Polly Stewart.

BURNS.

*PIANO.* *Vivace.* *mf*

O love - ly Pol - ly Stew - art, O... charm - ing Pol - ly Stew - art, There's

ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May That's half so fair as thou art! The flow'r that blows, it

fades and fa's, And art can ne'er re - new it, But worth and truth e - ter - nal youth Will

give to Pol - ly Stew - art. *mf*

May he who wins thy matchless charms  
 Possess a leal and true heart;  
 To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n  
 He gains in Polly Stewart!  
 O lovely Polly Stewart,  
 O charming Polly Stewart,  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May  
 That's half so fair as thou art!

## Ca' the ewes to the knowes.

BURNS.

*Marcato.*

PIANO.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the hea-ther grows. Ca' them whaur' the

burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie. Hark, the ma - vis ev'n - in' sang

Sound - in' Clu-den's woods a - mang; Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.  
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheerie.  
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die, but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, etc.



## Awa', Whigs, awa'.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f* *p* *f* *p*

 The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and the left staff has a bass clef. The music is marked with dynamics *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) alternating every two measures. The melody in the right hand is a simple, rhythmic tune, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*f* *p*

A - wa', Whigs, a - wa', a - wa', Whigs, a - wa, Ye're but a pack o' tra or loons, Ye'll

 The first vocal entry is on a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is simple and rhythmic, matching the piano introduction. The lyrics are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues in the two staves below, with dynamics *f* and *p* alternating.

dae naegude a - va. Our thris-les flour-ished fresh and fair, And bon-nie bloomed our

 The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment continues in the two staves below, with dynamics *f* and *p* alternating.

ro - ses, But Whigs cam' like a frost in June, And with-er'd a' our po - sies.

*f*

 The third vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment continues in the two staves below, with dynamics *f* and *p* alternating.

• Our sad decay in kirk and state,  
 Surpasses my describing;  
 The Whigs' cam' owre us like a flight,  
 And we hae done wi' thriving.  
 Awa', Whigs, etc.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken;  
 Wae's me to see that royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin.  
 Awa', Whigs, etc.

# Leezie Lindsay.

Anonymous.

*Affettuoso.*  
*dolce.*

PIANO.

Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the

Hie-lan's wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say, My

bride and my dar-ling to be?

To gang to the Hielan's wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be,  
For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'?

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little  
If sae be that ye dinna ken me,  
My name is Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
A chieftan o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
She has kilted them up to the knee,  
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald.  
His bride an' his darlin' to be.

## O, this is no my ain lassie.

BURNS

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

• She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, an' tall,  
 An' lang has had my heart in thrall.  
 An' aye it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O, this is no, *etc.*

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean  
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een  
 When kind love is in the e'e.  
 O, this is no, *etc.*

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O, this is no, *etc.*



## The Lea-rig.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

When o'er the hill the east-ern star Tells bught-in' time is near, my jo; And

ow-sen frae the furrow'd field Re-turn see dowf and weary, O; Down by the burn, where scented birks Wi'

dew are hang-ing clear, my jo, I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My

ain kind dear-ie, O.

In nirkst glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If through that glen I gae to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Along the burn to steer, my jo:  
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
 It mak's my heart sae cheerie, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

## Muirland Willie.

Ancient. Amended by BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f*

O, hearken, and I will tell you how Young Muirland Wil-lie cam' here to woo, Tho' he could nei-ther

*p*

say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But aye he cries, Whate'er betide, Maggie I'se hae to be my bride, With a

fal da ra, fal lal da ra la, fal lal da ral lal da ral la.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,  
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
Out o'er von moss, out o'er von muir,  
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?  
I'm come your dochter's love to win,  
I carena for making meikle din,  
What answer gi'e ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye right down,  
I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye won, or in what town?  
I think my dochter winna gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
With a fal da ra. etc.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the bravest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddie she left it a',  
As they twa could agree.  
The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,  
Syn'e ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.  
But siccan a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.  
This winsome couple straked hands,  
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

## He's owre the hills.

Anonymous.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part starts with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, marked 'mf'. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'He's owre the hills that'. The piano accompaniment features a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The lyrics continue: 'I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we daur - na name, He's owre the hills a - yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel - come hame. My fa - ther's gane to fecht for him, My brith - ers win - na bide at hame, My mith - er greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no' to blame.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer.  
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere  
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, etc.

His right these hills, his right these plains,  
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
 What lads e'er did, our lads will do,  
 Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

He's owre the hills, etc

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair:  
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,  
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.  
 He's owre the hills, etc.



JOHN HAMILTON.

## Up in the morning early.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The piano accompaniment consists of a melody in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass. The lyrics are written below the piano part, with some lines appearing above the piano part for better readability. The lyrics are: "Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-in' sair - ly; The sheep are cow'r-ing in the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win - ter fair - ly, Then up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly, I'd ra - ther gae sup - per - less to my bed Than rise in the morn - ing ear - ly."

Loud roars the blast among the woods,  
And tirls the branches barely;  
On hill and house hear how it thuds!  
The frost is nipping sairly.  
Now up in the morning's no for me.  
Up in the morning early;  
To sit a' nicht wad better agree  
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills  
Like ony timorous carlie;  
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
And that we find severely.  
Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek  
Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae lintie lilt on hedge or bush,  
Poor things, they suffer sairly;  
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,  
A' day they feed but sparely.  
Now up in the morning's no for me.  
Up in the morning early;  
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree  
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie house and cantie wife  
Aye keep a body cheerly;  
And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,  
They answer unco rarely.  
But up in the morning—na, na, na!  
Up in the morning early;  
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae  
When I rise in the morning early.

## Oh! open the door.

Ancient. Amended by BURNS.

*Andante larghetto.*

PIANO. *espressivo.*

o - pen the door, some pi - ty to show, Oh! o - pen the door to me, oh! Tho'

thou hast been false, I'll ev - er prove true, Oh! o - pen the door to me, oh! Oh!

could is the blast up - on my pale cheek, But coulder far thy love for me, oh! The

frost that free - zes the life at my heart Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

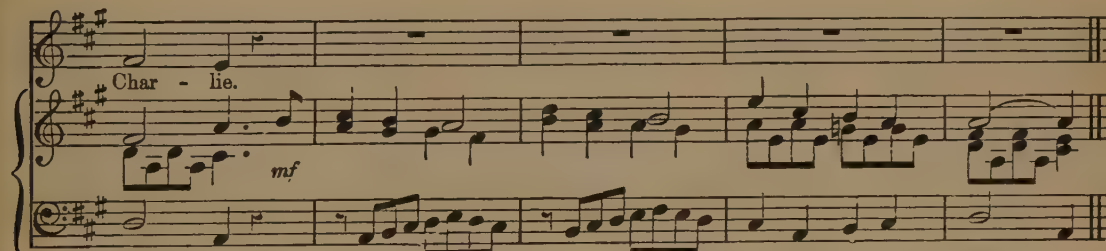
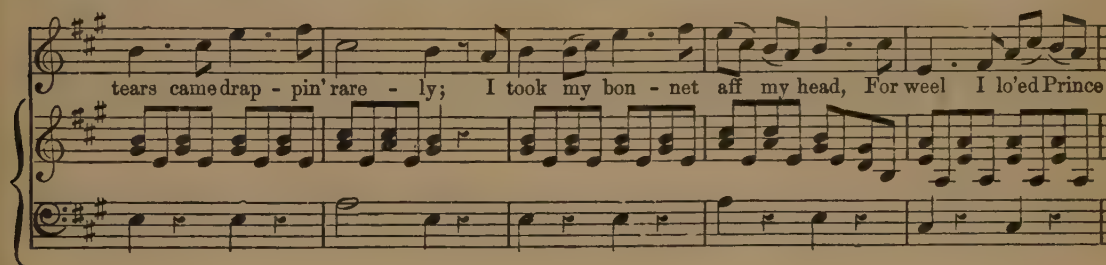
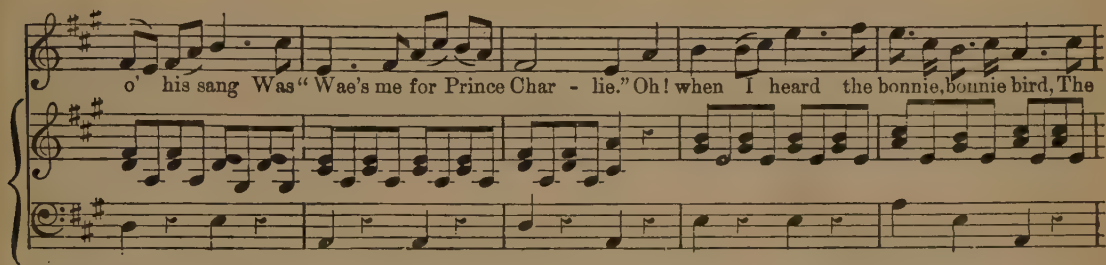
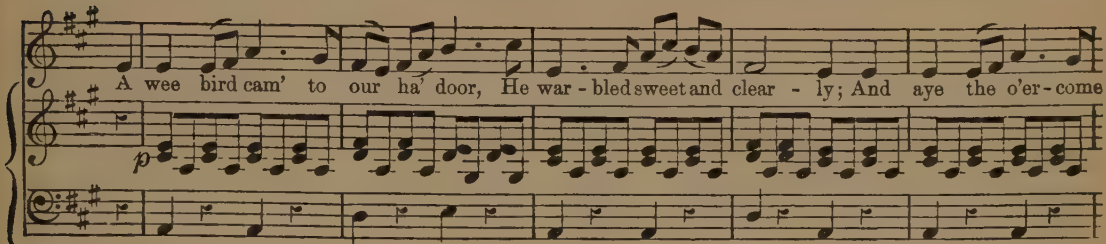
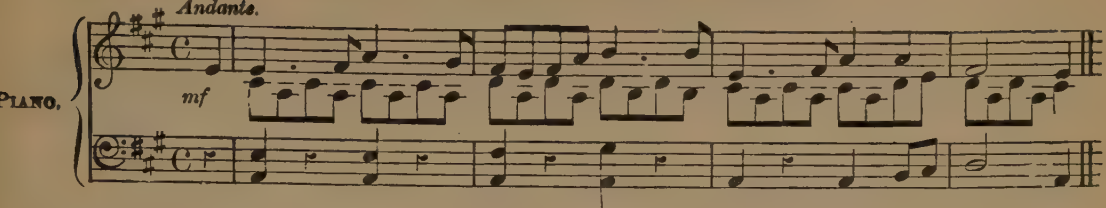
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting fast with me, oh!  
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
 I'll neer trouble them, nor thee, oh!  
 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!  
 My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side.  
 Never to rise again, oh!

WILLIAM GLEN.

## O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

*Andante.*

PIANO.



Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a song ye borrow?  
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,  
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"  
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' morning early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

"On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side is danger.  
Yestreen I met him in the glen,  
My heart near burst'd fairly;  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared  
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;  
And where was't that your Prince lay down,  
Whase hame should be a palace?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:  
"O, this is no a land for me,  
I'll tarry here nae langer."  
A while he hover'd on the wing  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain—  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."



# Wilt thou be my dearie?

Anonymous.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

Wilt thou be my dear - ie? When sor - row wrings thy gen - tle heart, Wilt thou let me cheer thee?

*p*

By the trea - sure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shall

ev - er be my dear - ie. On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shall ev - er be my dear - ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me.  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly dee,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me,  
 Lassie, let me quickly dee,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

LYLE.

## Kelvin Grove.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Through its ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie

las-sie, O; Where the ro-ses in their pride Deck the bon-nie din-gle side, Where the

mid- night fai-ries glide, bon-nie las-sie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the roaring waters' fall,  
 Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,  
 When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,  
 There the May-pink's crimson plume  
 Throws a soft but sweet perfume  
 Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,  
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Yet with fortune on my side,  
 I could stay thy father's pride,  
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Ere yon golden orb of day  
 Wake the warblers on the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O  
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the river winding clear,  
 To the fragrant scented brier,  
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O  
 Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear  
 Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

## Laird o' Cockpen.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f*

The Laird o' Cock-pen he's proud an' he's great, His

mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But

fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thoct she'd look well:  
McCleish s ae dochter a' Clavers'-ha' Lee,  
A pennyless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-pouthered, as gude as wien new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He mounted his mare, and he rade cannillie:  
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—  
"What the deil brings the Laird here at sic a like time!"  
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

An' when she came ben, he bobb't fu' low;  
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."  
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannillie;  
An' aften he thoct, as he gaed through the gien,  
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

NOTE.—The last two verses were added by Sir Alexander Boswell.



## The Lowlands o' Holland.

Anonymous.

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *p*

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G minor (one flat) with a C major key signature (two sharps) and a common time signature. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamics start with a piano 'p' marking.

The love that I had cho - sen Was to my heart's con - tent, The

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics 'The love that I had cho - sen Was to my heart's con - tent, The' are written below the vocal staff.

saut sea sail be fro - zen Be - fore that I re - pent; Re - pent it will I nev - er Un -

 The second system continues the song with the lyrics 'saut sea sail be fro - zen Be - fore that I re - pent; Re - pent it will I nev - er Un -'. The musical notation follows the same pattern of a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

- til the day I dee, Though the low - lands o' Hol - land Ha'e twinn'd my love and me.

 The third system concludes the song with the lyrics '- til the day I dee, Though the low - lands o' Hol - land Ha'e twinn'd my love and me.' The musical notation continues with the vocal and piano parts.

My love lies in the saut sea,  
 And I am on the side;  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart,  
 Wha lately was a bonnie bride,  
 Wha lately was a bonnie bride,  
 And pleasure in her e'e;  
 But the Lowlands o' Holland  
 Ha'e twinn'd my love and me.

There sall nae coif come on my head,  
 Nae kame come in my hair,  
 There sall neither coa. nor candle licht  
 Come in my bower mair;  
 Nor sall I ha'e anither love  
 Until the day I dee;  
 I never lov'd a love but ane,  
 And he's drown'd in the sea!

## The lament of Flora Macdonald.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO.

p

Far o - ver yon hills of the heath-er sae green, An' down by the Cor-rie that

sings to the sea, The bon - nie young Flo - ra sat sigh - ing her lane, The

dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat wi' the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

bree - zes that swung, A - way on the wave like a bird on the main; An'

aye as it les-son'd she sigh'd an' she sung: "Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare -

- weel to my he - ro, the gal-lant an' young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain."

*f*

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Conna,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronall,  
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores,  
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,  
 But, ah, there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;  
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud  
 Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.



JOHN LOWE, (1772).

## Mary's Dream.

Air traditional.

PIANO.

*Larghetto.*

She from her pillow gently raised  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
 "O, Mary dear, cold is my clay;  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
 We toss'd upon the raging main;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee.  
 The storm is past, and I at rest;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more!"  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;  
 No more of Sandy could she see:  
 But soft the passing spirit said:  
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

## My only joe and dearie.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf sostenuto.*

Thy cheek is o' the ro-se's hue, My on - ly joe and dea - rie, O; Thy  
neck is like the sil - ler dew, Up - on the banks sae brier - ie, O; Thy teeth are o' the  
i - vo - rie; O, sweet's the twin - kle o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae plea - sure blinks on me, My  
on - ly joe and dear - ie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
It's sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;  
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
Nae care to make it eerie, O;  
But little kens the sangster sweet  
O' a' the cares I ha'e to meet,  
That gar my restless bosom beat,  
My only joe and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on the brae,  
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
Aft we would daff the lee-lang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee  
And round about the thorny tree,  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only joe and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
I wish that thou wert ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me, O;  
Then I wad dant thee night and day,  
Nae ither worldly care wad hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,  
My only joe and dearie, O.

# Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?

*Maestoso.*

PIANO.

*mf* *cresc.* > >

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic pattern. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

§

Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?

*f p* >

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a section marked with a double bar line and a section symbol (§). The lyrics are 'Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?'. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves, with the right staff in treble clef and the left in bass clef, both in B-flat major and common time. The piano part features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes,

\*

The second vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff in treble clef, marked with an asterisk (\*). The lyrics are 'Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes,'. The piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef) provides a steady harmonic background.

§

Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd, Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef, marked with a section symbol (§). The lyrics are 'Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd, Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.' The piano accompaniment on two staves continues the harmonic support.

\* Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!  
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,  
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!  
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel.  
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Now our Prince has raised his banner.  
Now triumphant is our cause:  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,  
Let us strike for Prince and laws!  
Wha wadna fecht, etc.



Anonymous.

## The bonnie brier-bush.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single treble staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system begins the vocal entry with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

There grows a bon - nie brier - bush in our kail - yard, And

white are the blos - soms on't in our kail - yard, Like wee bit white cock - ades for our

loy - al Hie - land lads; And the lass - es lo'e the bon - nie bush in our kail - yard

But were they a' true that were far awa'?  
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?  
 'They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',  
 And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,  
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;  
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',  
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,  
 He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,  
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;  
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

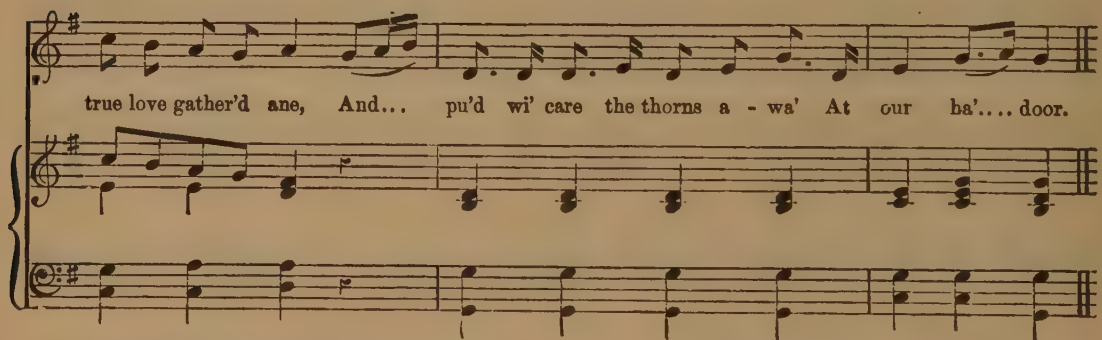
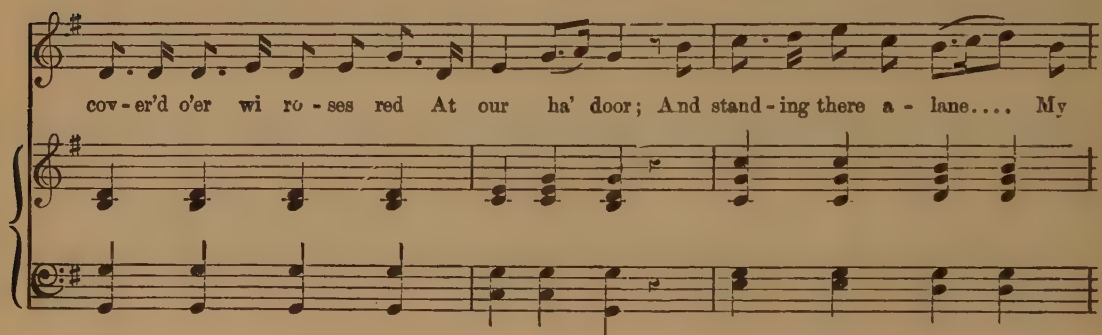
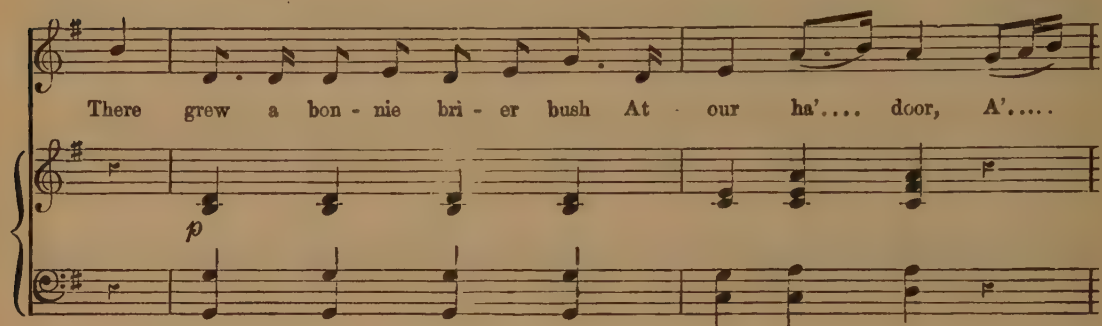
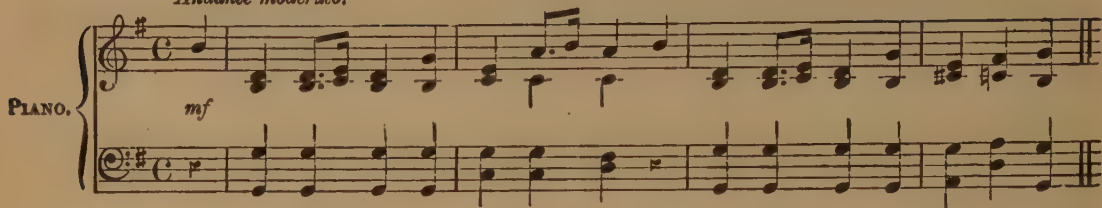
NOTE.—Another version of this song the poetry by Dr. Charles Mackay, will be found on the next page.

## The bonnie brier-bush.

CHARLES MACKAY.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.



He twined it 'mid my gowden locks,  
 At our ha' door,  
 A sign o' plighted love and truth  
 At our ha' door.  
 And since that happy morn  
 Of the rose without a thorn,  
 We've aye been canty and content  
 At our ha' door.

And many years have come and gone  
 At our ha' door;  
 And still the brier rose is red  
 At our ha' door.  
 And other blossoms blow,  
 And the bonnie bairnies grow,  
 A' there's love and peace baith out and in  
 At our ha' door.

# The lily of the vale is sweet.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The li - ly of the vale is sweet And sweeter still the op'n-ing rose, But sweet-er far my

Ma - ry is Than a - ny bloom-ing flow'r that blows. While spring her fragrant blossoms spreads I'll

wan-der aft by Ma-ry's side, And whis-per saft the ten-der tale By Forth's, sweet Forth's me-

and'-ring tide.

*mf*

There will we walk at early dawn,  
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine;  
 At eve aft to the lawn we'll tread,  
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.  
 The fairest, choicest flow'rs I'll crop  
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair:  
 And, while I live, I vow and swear  
 She'll be my chief, my only care.



## Lord Ronald.

*Andante larghetto.*

PIANO. *mf*

"O, where ha'e ye been, Lord Ro-nald, my son? O, where ha'e ye  
*p*  
 been, .. my hand - some young man?" "I ha'e been to the wild wood: mo-ther,  
 make my bed soon, For I'm wea - ry wi' hunt-ing, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?  
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
 "I din'd wi' my true love; mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."  
 "What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?  
 What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?"  
 "I got eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."  
 "What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?  
 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"  
 "O, they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon.  
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."  
 "O, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!  
 O, I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"  
 "O, yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon.  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wald lie down."

Anonymous.

## My love's in Germanie.

*Andante maestoso.*

PIANO. *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, marked *mf* and *Andante maestoso*. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Send him hame, send him hame: My love's in Ger-ma-nie, send him'. The third system continues the melody with 'hame: My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Fight-ing brave for roy-al-ty, He may'. The fourth system continues with 'ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame, send him hame: He may ne'er his Jean-ie see, Send him'. The fifth system begins with the word 'hame.' followed by a piano accompaniment marked *mf*. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Send him hame, send him hame: My love's in Ger-ma-nie, send him

hame: My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Fight-ing brave for roy-al-ty, He may

ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame, send him hame: He may ne'er his Jean-ie see, Send him

hame.

*mf*

He's brave as brave can be,  
 Send him hame, send him hame;  
 He's brave as brave can be,  
 Send him hame.  
 He's brave as brave can be,  
 He wad rather fa' than flee,  
 But his life is dear to me,  
 Send him hame.

I fear he'll ne'er come hame,  
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain:  
 I fear he'll ne'er come hame,  
 Willie's gane!  
 He'll ne'er come o'er the sea  
 To his love and ain countrie:  
 This warld's nae mair for me,  
 Willie's gane!

PLANO.

*f*

## When

P

France had her as - sist - ance lent, A roy - al prince to Scot - land sent, To

- wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy - al Char - lie. Our

gal - lant Scot - tish prince was clad Wi' bon - net blue and tar - tan plaid, An'



oh, he was a hand - some lad, Few could com - pare wi' Char - lie. An'

oh, but ye've been lang o' com - in', Lang, lang, lang o' com - in',

O, but ye've been lang o' com - in', Wel - come Roy - al Char - lie.

Arouse ilk valiant kilted clan,  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 And charge the foe, claymore in hand,  
 For sake o' Royal Charlie.  
 O welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain,  
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,  
 Our gallant Royal Charlie.  
 O but ye've been lang, *etc.*

From a the wilds o' Caledon  
 We'll gather every hardy son,  
 Till thousands to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Come let the flowing quaich go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound.  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name o' Royal Charlie.  
 O but ye've been lang, *etc.*

## Cam' ye by Athol.

JAMES HOGG.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *f* *p*

Cam' ye by A - thol,

lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tum-mel, or banks of the Gar-ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their

bon-nets an' white cockades Leaving their mountains to fol-low Prince Charlie? Fol-low thee, follow thee,

wha wad-na fol-low thee? Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust-ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,

wha wad-na fol-low thee? King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,  
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;  
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald.  
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
Follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,  
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie,  
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;  
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
Follow thee, etc.

Down thro the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;  
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,  
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.  
Follow thee, etc.

BURNS.

## Bonnie Jean.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *mf*

There was a lass and  
 she was fair, At kirk or mar-ket to be seen; When a' the fair-est maids were met The  
 fair-est maid was bon-nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mammie's work, And aye she sang sae  
 mer-ri-lie; The blyth-est bird up-on the bush Had ne'er a light-er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lint-white's nest;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flower,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.  
 Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naggies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,  
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.  
 As in the bosom o' the stream  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's work,  
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.  
 But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And didna joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:  
 "O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear!  
 O, canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee,  
 But stray amang the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."  
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na;  
 At length she blushed a sweet consent,  
 And love was aye between them twa.



## Farewell, thou fair day.

BURNS.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

Fare-well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and yeskies, Now gay with the broad set-ting sun;... Fare -

- well, loves and friendships, ye dear ter - der ties; Our race..... of ex-is-terce is run! Thou

grim king of ter - rors, thou life's gloomy foe, Go fright-en the coward and slave! Go

teach them to trem-ble, fell ty - rant, but know, No ter-rors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;  
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
 Thou grim king of terrors, &c.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands  
 Our king and our country to save;  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 Oh, who would not die with the brave!  
 Thou grim king of terrors, &c.

# Blythe, blythe and merry was she.

Ancient, with modern emendations.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f*

Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And

*p*

blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen. By Och - ter - tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row braes the bir-ken shaw; But

\*

Phe-mie was a bon-nier lass Than braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw. Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she,

Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen.

• Her looks were like a flower in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks of Earn  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, blythe, etc.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon the lea;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink of Phemie's e'e.  
Blythe, blythe, etc

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.  
Blythe, blythe, etc.

## We're a' Noddin'.

*Moderato.*

And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', And we're

PIANO. *mf* *p*

a' noddin' at our house at hame. Gude e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye alane? Oh, come and see how blythe are we, For

*cresc.*

Jamie he's cam' hame, And oh, but he's been lang a-wa', And oh, my heart was sair As I sobb'd out a lang fareweel, Ma

*2nd time f*

be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

*p*

*mf*

Oh, sair ha'e I fought,  
 Ear' and late did I toil,  
 My bairnies for to feed and clead,  
 My comfort was their smile!  
 When I thoct on Jamie far awa',  
 An' o' his love sa fain,  
 A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart,  
 We'd may be meet again.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', etc.

When he knocket at the door,  
 I thoct I kent the rap,  
 And little Katie cried aloud,  
 "My daddie, he's cam' back!"  
 A stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast,  
 As thoctfully I sat,  
 I raise, I gazed, fell in his arms,  
 And bursted out and grat.  
 Noo we're a' noddin'. etc

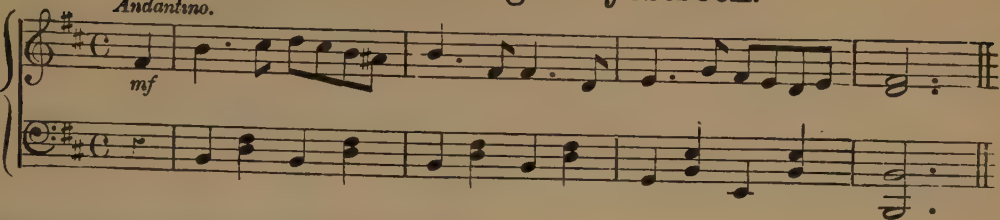


BURNÉ

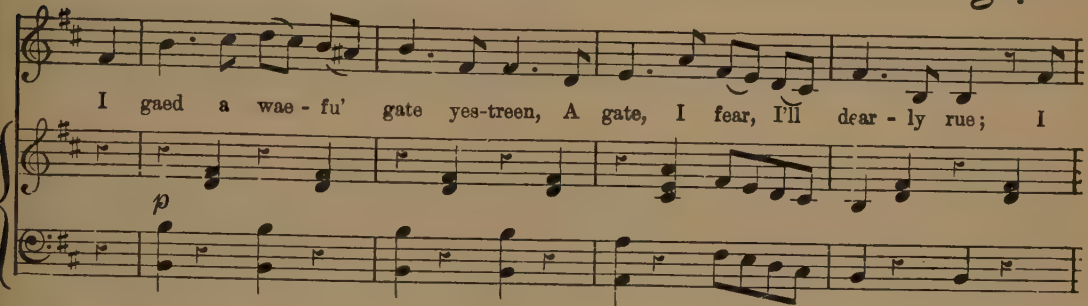
## I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

*Andantino.*

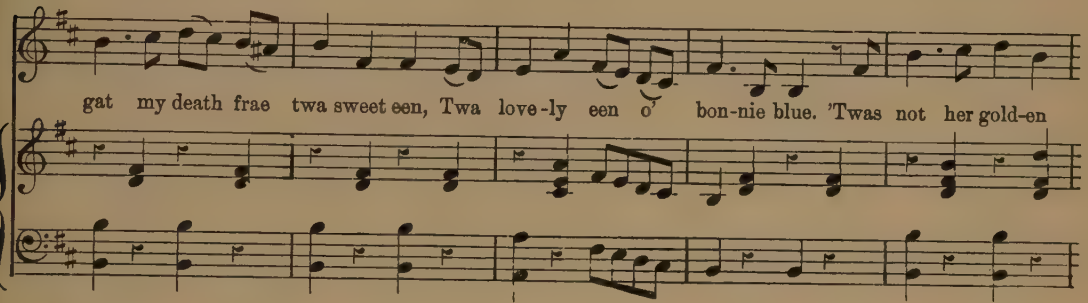
PIANO.

*mf*

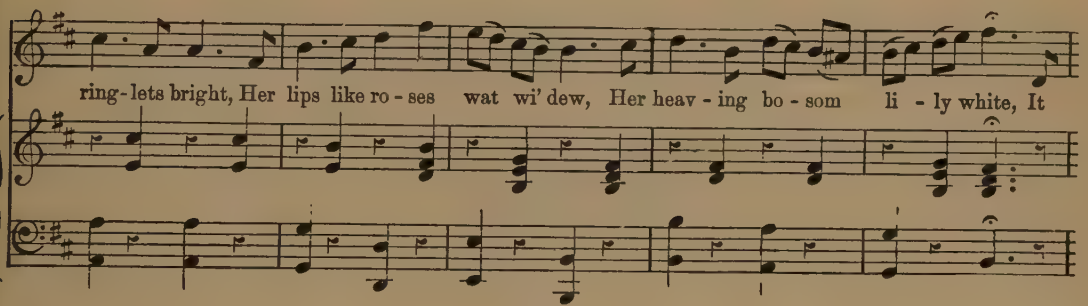
I gaed a wae - fu' gate yes-treen, A gate, I fear, I'll dear - ly rue; I

*p*

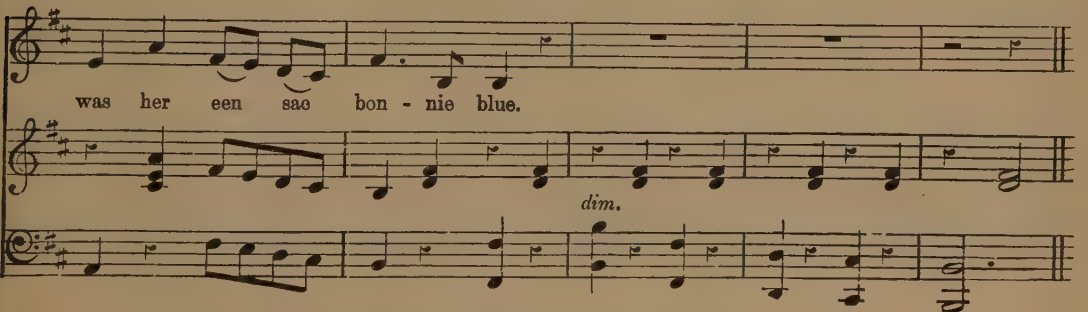
gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa love-ly een o' bon-nie blue. 'Twas not her gold-en



ring-lets bright, Her lips like ro-ses wat wi' dew, Her heav-ing bo-som li-ly white, It



was her een sae bon - nie blue.

*dim.*

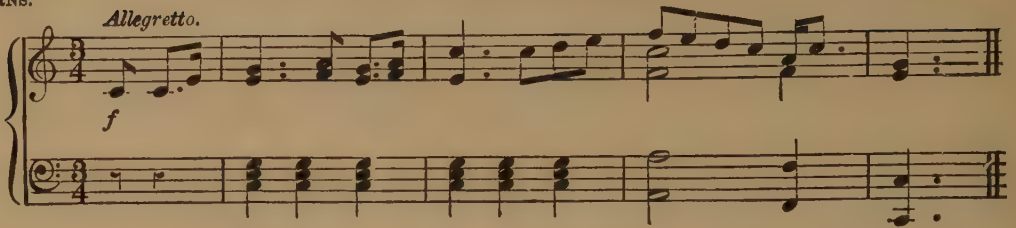
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,  
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;  
 But aye the stound, the deadly wound  
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

# Gae bring to me a pint o' Wine.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.



Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in..... a sil - ver

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in..... a sil - ver".

tas - sie, That I may drink be - fore I go a ser - vice to..... my bon - nie

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "tas - sie, That I may drink be - fore I go a ser - vice to..... my bon - nie".

las - sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier o' Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the

The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "las - sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier o' Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the".

fer - ry, The ship rides by..... the Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave.... my bon-lie

Ma - ry. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it

in..... a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go A ser-vice

to..... my bon-nie las-sie.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody!  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.  
 Gae bring to me, &c.



# Oh hush thee, my baby!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Andantino.*

Oh

PIANO. *p*

hush thee, my ba-by! thy sire was a knight, Thy mo-ther a la-dy so love-ly and bright; The

woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They all are be-long-ing, dear ba-by, to thee. Oh

*lento*

rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day! Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may!

*tempo.*

Oh rest thee, my darling, the time soon will come  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
Then rest thee, my darling, oh sleep while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, as light comes with day.  
Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, &c.

Oh fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red.  
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.  
Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, &c.

TANNAHILL

## Loudon's bonnie woods and braes.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

*f* Loudon's bonnie woods and braes, *p*

I maun lea' them a', las-sie; Wha can thole when Britain's faes Wad gi'e Bri-tons law, las-sie?

Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha to fame would live a stranger? Now when freedom bids a-venge her,

Wha wad shun her ca', las-sie? Lou-don's bon-nie woods and braes Hae seen our hap-py bri-dal days; And

gen-tle hopes shall soothe thy waes When I am far a-wa', las-sie.

*cresc.* *f*

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,  
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;  
But the doleful bugle brings  
Wae-fu' thochts to me, laddie.  
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,  
Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
Still the weary moments countin'.  
Far frae love and thee, laddie.  
On the gory field of war,  
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
Thou'lt may-be fa', frae me afar,  
And nane to close thy e'e laddie.

O, resume thy wonted smile,  
O, suppress thy fears, lassie;  
Glorious honour crowns the toil  
That the soldier shares, lassie.  
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover  
Till the vengeful strife is over;  
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever  
Till the day we dee, lassie.  
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,  
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

## Weel may the keel row.

Border Song.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

Oh, who is like my John-nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon-nie! He's foremost 'mang the mo - ny Keel

lads o coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight - ly, Or, in the dance sae spright - ly, He'll

cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the keel row, The

keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

He has nae mair o' learning  
 Than tells his weekly earning;  
 Yet right frae wrang discerning,  
 Tho' brave, nae bruiser he.  
 Tho' he no worth a plack is,  
 His ain coat on his back is;  
 And nane can say that black is  
 The white o' Johnnie's e'e.  
 Weel may the keel row, etc.

He wears a blue bonnet,  
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,  
 He wears a blue bonnet,  
 A dimple's in his chin;  
 And weel may the keel row,  
 The keel row, the keel row,  
 And weel may the keel row  
 That my lad's in.  
 Weel may the keel row, etc.

NOTE.—Another version of this song will be found on the next page.



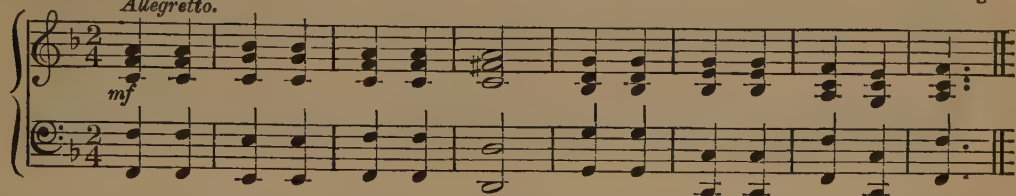
## Merry may the keel row.

JAMES HOGG.

Border Song.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

*mf*

As I came down the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, As I came down the Can-on-gate I

*p*

heard a las-sie sing. Oh mer-ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh

mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in. Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The

keel row, the keel row, Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

He wears a blue bonnet,  
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,  
 A snaw-white rose upon it,  
 A dimple in his chin;  
 And merry may the keel row  
 The keel row, the keel row.  
 And merry may the keel row,  
 The ship that my love's in.  
 Oh merry may the keel row, etc.

## My wife has ta'en the gee.

Anonymous.

*Modercto.*

PIANO. *f*

A friend o' mine cam' here yes-treen, And he wad hae me down To drink a pot of ale wi' him In

the meist bor-ough town. But, oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me: For

lang or e'er that I cam' hame My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,  
The truth I'll tell to you,  
That e'er the middle o' the night  
We baith were roaring fou.  
My wife sits by the fireside,  
And the tear blinds aye her e'e  
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,  
But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,  
The ne'er a word she spake;  
But mony a sad and sour look,  
And aye her head she'd shake.  
"My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee.  
To look sae sair at me;  
I'll never do the like again,  
If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
Her arms about my neck;  
And twenty kisses in a crack,  
And, puir wee thing, she grat.  
"If ye'll ne'er do the like again,  
But bide at hame wi' me,  
I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife  
That's never tak' the gee."

# Wha'll be King but Charlie?

Anonymous.

*Allegro.*

PIANO

*f*

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo-ny fer - lie; For ships o' war hae just come in, And

*p*

lan-ded Roy-al Charlie! Come through the heather, a-round him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear - ly; A -

- round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Charlie? Come through the heather, around him gather, Come

Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither, And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king; For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,  
 Hae to a man declared to stand,  
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
 Come through, etc.

The Lowlands a baith great and sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
 Declared for Scotland's king and law,  
 An' spier ye wha but Charlie?  
 Come through, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land  
 But vows, baith late and early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand  
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie.  
 Come through, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause.  
 And be't complete and early;  
 His very name my heart's blood warms—  
 To arms for Royal Charlie!  
 Come through, etc.



# My mither's aye glow'rin' owre me.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. The vocal line is written in the treble clef and includes lyrics. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'My mith-er's aye glow'-rin' owre me, Tho' she did the same be-fore me; I can-na get leave To look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de- - your me. Right fain wad I tak' your of-fer, Sweet sir, but I'll tine my toch-er; Then, San-dy, you'll fret, And wyte your poor Kate, When-e'er you keek in your toom cof-fer.'

\* For though my father has plenty  
O' siller and plenishing dainty,  
Yet he's unco sweer  
To twine wi' his gear;  
And sae we had need to be tenty.  
My mither's, etc.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion;  
Brag weel o' your land,  
And there's my leal hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.  
My mither's, etc.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

## Jenny's bawbee.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

I met four chaps yon birks a-mang; Wi' hanging lugs and fa-ces lang; I spier'd at nee-bour Bauldy Strang,

*p*

Wha's they I see? Quo' he, "Ilk creamfac'd paw-ky chiel Thocht he was cunning as the deil, And

here they cam' a-wa' to steal Jen-ny's baw-bee.

*f*

The first a captain to his trade,  
Wi' ill-lin'd skull and back weel-clad,  
March'd roun' the barn and by the shed,  
And papped on his knee:  
Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"  
But deil a beauty he had seen  
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' baws and nag and siller whup,  
Cried, "Here's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
Or tie't till a tree:  
What's goud to me? I've wealth o' lan',  
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"  
He thoct to pay what he was awn  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,  
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
And a' for a fee;  
Accounts he owed through a' the town,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;  
But now he thought to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dressed up just like the knave o' clubs,  
A fool cam' neist (but life has rubs,)  
Foul were the roads and fu' the dubs,  
And jaupit a' was he;  
He danced up, squintin' through a glass,  
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass;"  
He thoct to win wi' front o' brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kame his wig,  
The sodger no' to strut sae big,  
The lawyer no' to be a prig;  
The fool he cried, "Tee-hee,  
I ken'd that I could never fail;"  
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
And soused him wi' a waterpail,  
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
Although he hadna mony pence;  
He took young Jenny to the spence,  
Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,  
And here his suit he press'd sae weel  
That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel,  
And she birl'd her bawbee.

## Dainty Davie.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

Now ro-sy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And now come in my happy hours, To

wan-der wi' my Da-vie. The crys-tal wa-ters gent-ly fa', The mer-ry birds are lov-ers a, The

scent-ed breez-es round us blaw, A-wan-d'ring wi' my Da-vie. Meet me on the war-lock knowe,

Dain-ty Da-vie, dain-ty Da-vie, There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain-ty Da-vie.

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews I will repair  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,  
 I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,  
 And that's my dainty Davie.  
 Meet me on the warlock knowe. *etc.*



# My Nannie's awa'.

BURNS.

*Andante.*

Now in her green mantle blythe

Na-ture ar-rays, And lis-tens the lambkins that bleat owre the braes, While birds warble wel-come in

il-ka green shaw; But to me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a-wa', But to

me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a-wa.

*mf*

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weest o' the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew's o' the la  
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa':  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

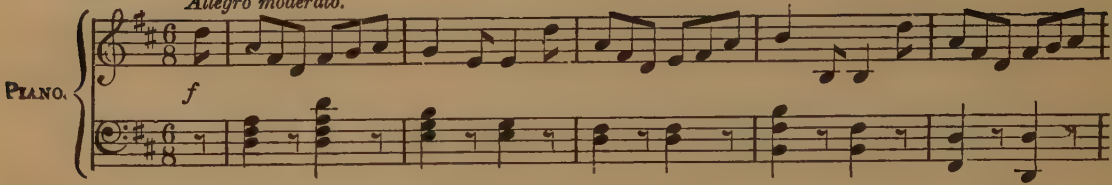
Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:  
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw.  
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.  
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

## And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

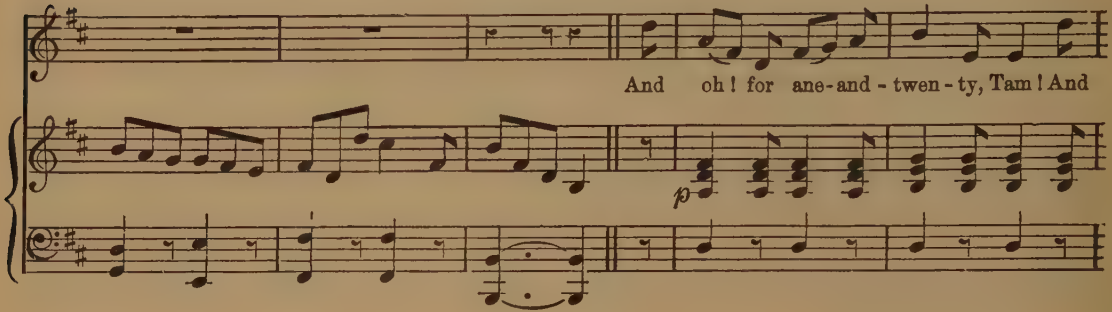
BURNS.

*Allegro moderato.*

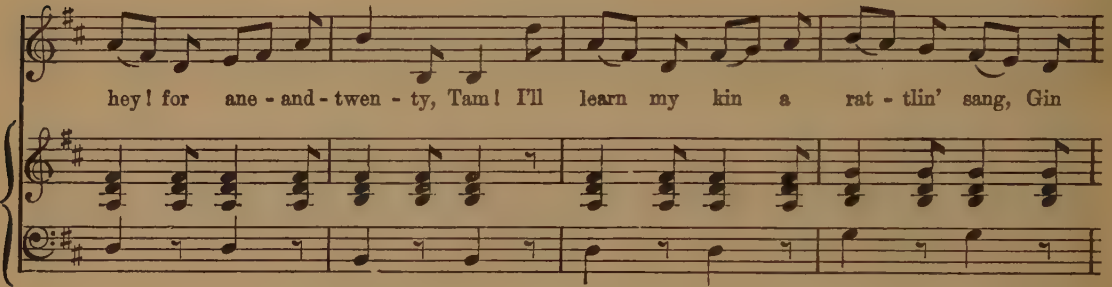
PIANO.

*f*

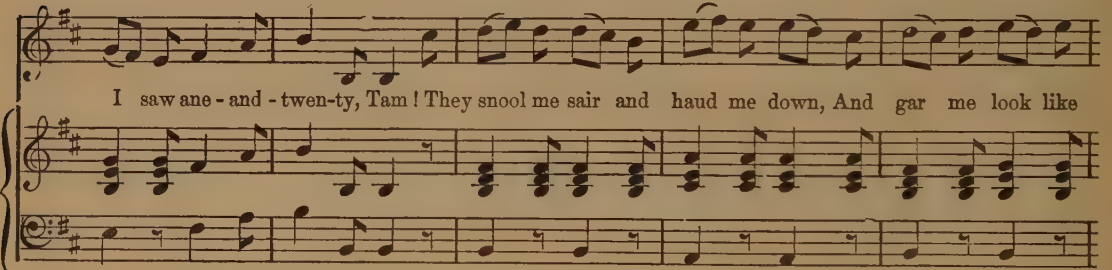
And oh! for ane-and - twen - ty, Tam! And



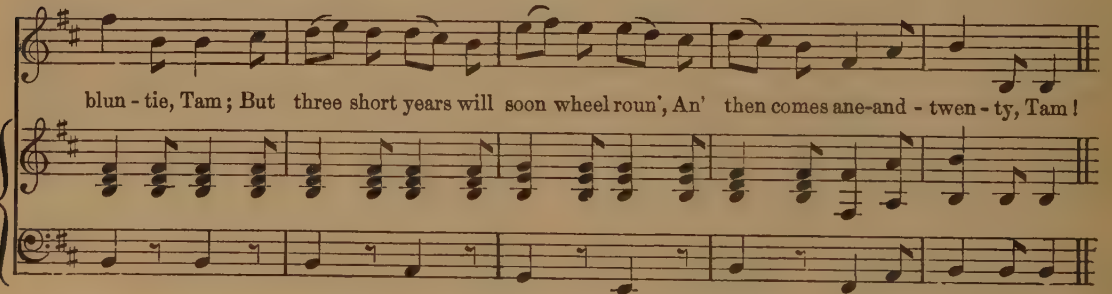
hey! for ane - and - twen - ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a rat - tlin' sang, Gin



I saw ane - and - twen - ty, Tam! They snool me sair and haud me down, And gar me look like



blun - tie, Tam; But three short years will soon wheel roun', An' then comes ane-and - twen - ty, Tam!



A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I needna speir,  
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.  
 And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.

## O, speed, Lord Nithsdale.

*Andante larghetto.*

O, speed, Lord Niths-dale,

*PIANO.* *sostenuto.* *p*

speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your coun-trie flee; Nae mer-cy mot fa' to your share, Nae

pi-ty is for thine and thee. Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly bow'r, And fast the tear fa's

frae her e'e; And aye she sighs, O, blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me.

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,  
While kneeling by the taper bright;  
But ae red drap cam' to her cheek  
As shone the morning's rosy light.  
Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,  
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;  
"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,  
"Wha sic a comely knight had slain!"

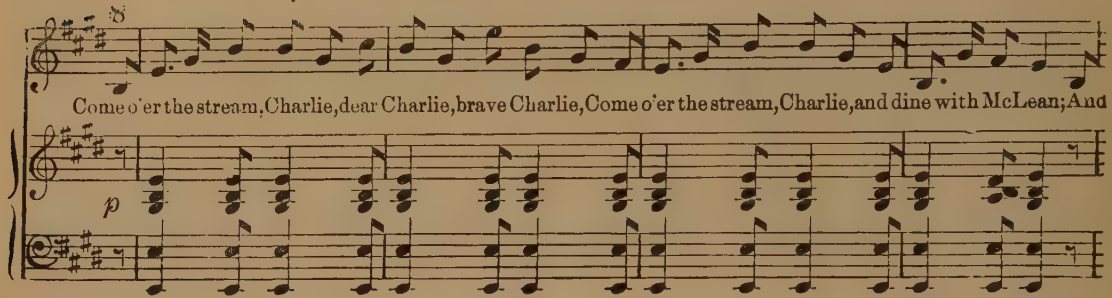
Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love;  
But he thought on his countrie's wrang,  
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,  
And forced frae a' he lov'd to gang.  
"Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,  
He may na smile, I trow, bot me;"  
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,  
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's be.



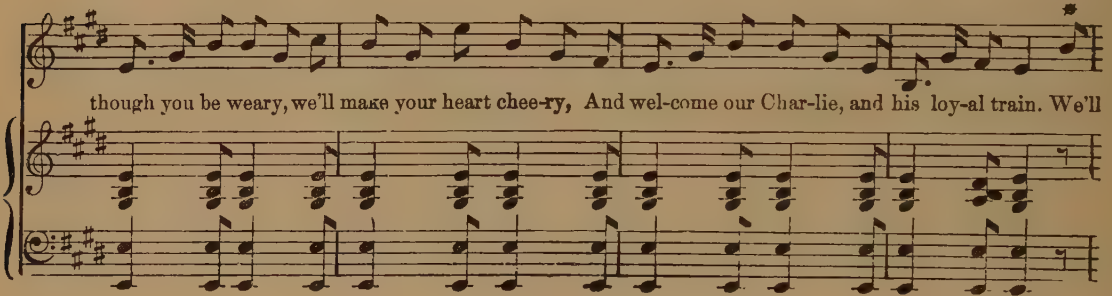
# Come o'er the stream, Charlie.

JAMES HOGG. *Allegro mod. rato.*

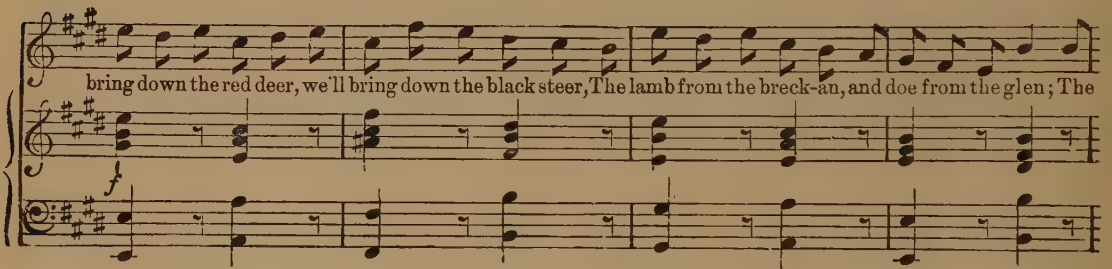
PIANO.



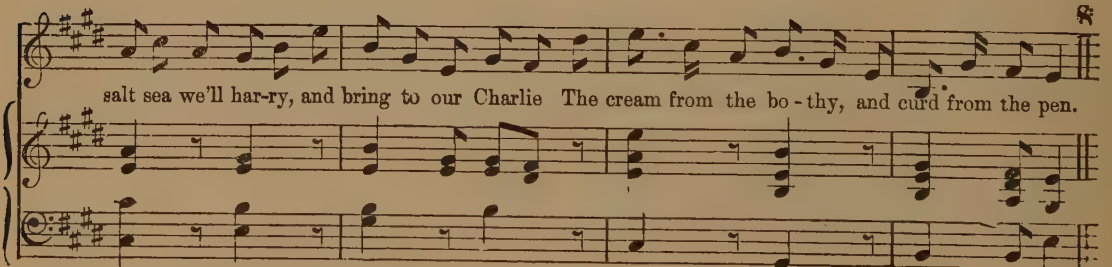
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with McLean; And



though you be weary, we'll make your heart chee-ry, And wel-come our Char-lie, and his loy-al train. We'll



bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breck-an, and doe from the glen; The



salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Charlie The cream from the bo-ty, and curd from the pen.

\* And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken;  
and deep be your meed of the wine that is red,  
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.  
Come o'er the stream etc.

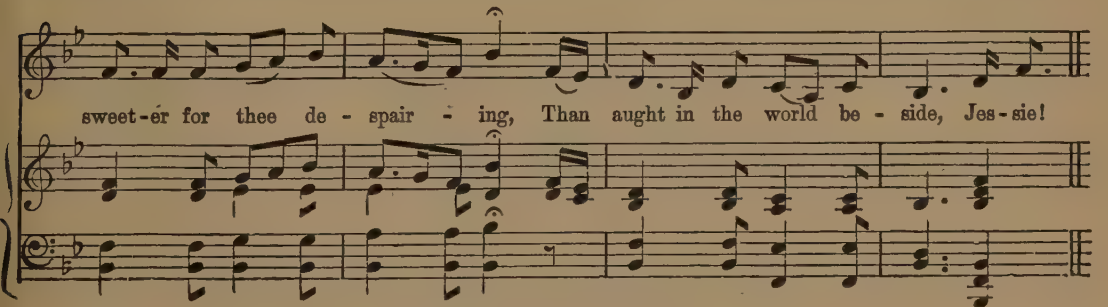
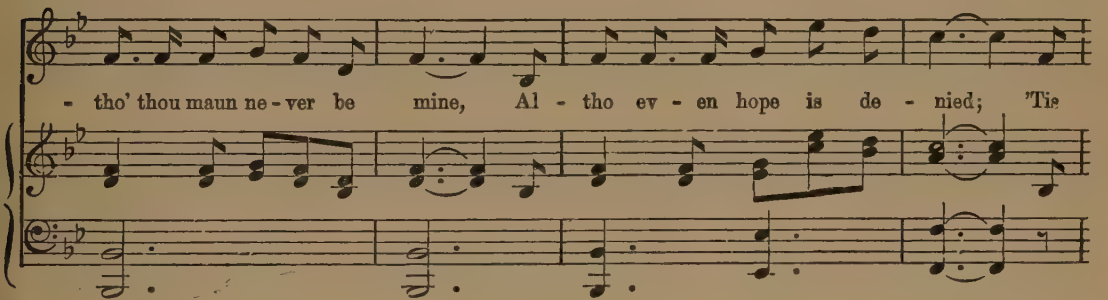
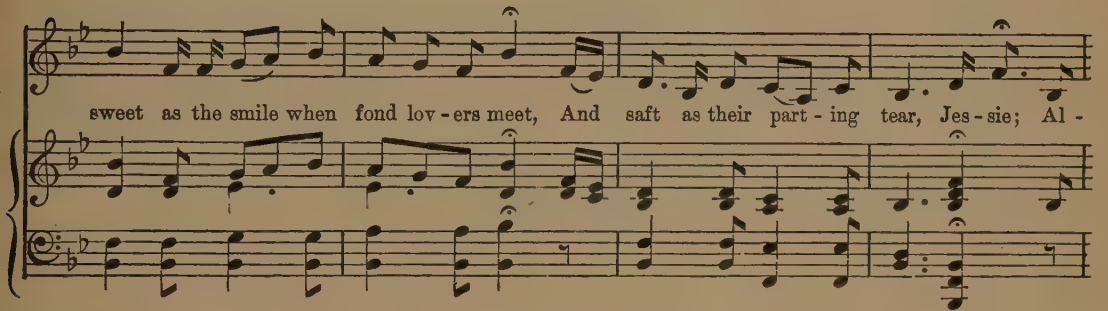
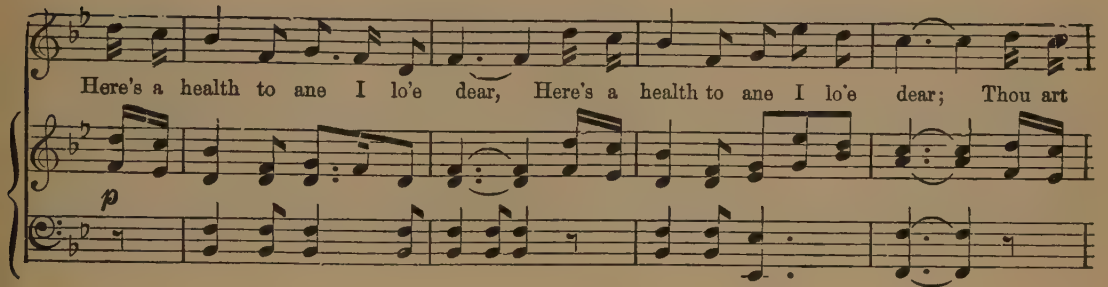
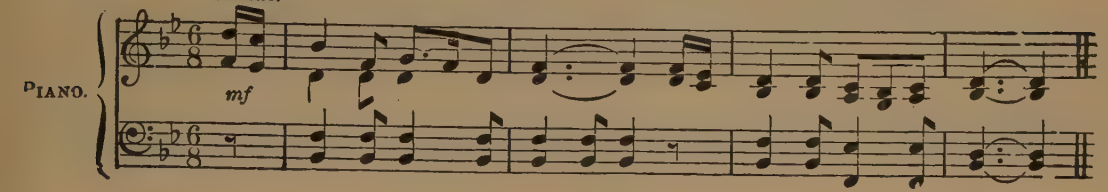
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,  
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten  
Come o'er the stream. etc.

BURNS.

*Andante.*

## Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.

PIANO.

*mf*

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,  
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!  
 I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;—  
 But why urge the tender confession  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessie!

JAMES HOGG.

## When the kye come hame.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a se-cret that

cour-tiers din-na ken; What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the

gloam-in' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

*dim.*

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Then the eye shines sae brightly the hale soul to beguile,  
There's love in ev'ry whisper and joy in ev'ry smile;  
O! wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame?

When the kye come hame, etc.

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—  
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still  
But he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e?  
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and libertie!  
Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.



## The maid of Glenconnel.

*Andantino.*

PIANO.

*espressivo.*

The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the val-ley, Are sparkling and love-ly, are stainless and mild; The

pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blossoms to bloom on the wild. The

pearl and the rose are the emblems of Mary, The maid of Glenconnel, once lovely and gay; A false lover woo'd her; ye

damsels be wa-ry, Now scath'd is the blossom, now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain.

Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale;

At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain,

Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.

With the flowers of the willow-tree blent are her tresses,

Now woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen,

Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—

How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been.

## For lack of gold.

AUSTIN.

*Andantino.*

PIANO.

*mf*

For lack of gold she has left me, O! And of all that's dear she's be-reft me, O! For

A - thole's duke she me for-sook, And to end-less woe she has left me, O! A

star and gar-ter have more art Than youth, a true and faith-ful heart; For

emp-ty ti-tles we must part— For glit-'ring show she has left me, O!

\* No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injured heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeanie she has left me, O!  
 For lack of gold, etc.

Ye powers above, I to your care  
 Besign my faithless, lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
 Though she's for ever left me, O!  
 For lack of gold, etc.

## Auld Joe Nicolson's bonnie Nannie.

JAMES HOGG.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

The dai-sy is fair, the day-li-ly rare, The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie, But there

*p*

ne'er was a flow-er in gar-den or bower, Like auld Joe Ni-col-son's bon - nie Nan-nie.

O my Nan-nie, my dear lit-tle Nan-nie, My sweet lit-tle nid-dle - ty, nod-dle - ty Nan-nie; There

ne'er was a flow-er in gar-den or bow-er, Like auld Joe Ni-col-son's bon - nie Nan-nie.

Her looks that stray owre the flowery green,  
 Frae bonnie blue een sae mild and mellow;  
 See naething sae sweet in the fairy scene,  
 Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.  
 O, my Nannie, etc.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,  
 An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;  
 But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,  
 There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.  
 O, my Nannie.



Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

CHARLES WALKER.

*Aliegratt*

PIANO.

*f*

*dim*

Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, Highland lad - die? Saw ye him that's

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad -die? On his head a bon-net blue,

Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad-die; Tar-tan plaid and Highland trew, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land    lad - die !

When he drew his gude braid sword,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Then he gave his royal word,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
That frae the field he ne'r would flee,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
But wi' his friends would live or dee,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa the Lawland loon,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Wha took frae him the British crown,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
But blessings on the kilted Clans,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
That fought for him at Prestonpans,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

# Aye wakin', O!

Anonymous.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

*p* *pp*

Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' wea-rie

Sleep I can - na get For think - in' o' my dea - rie. Spring's a plea - sant time,

*cresc.*

Flow'rs o ev - 'ry co - lour, The bir - die builds its nest, Aye I think on my lov - er. Aye wak-in', O!

*p* *pp*

*CODA.*

Wak-in' aye an' wearie; Sleep I can-na get For thinkin' o' my dea-rie. Aye wak-in', O!

*ppp*

\* When I sleep I dream,  
When I wake I'm eerie;  
Rest I canna get,  
For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;  
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.  
*CODA.*—Aye wakin', O!

Lanely nicht comes on,  
A' the lave are sleepin';  
I think on my bonnie lad,  
An' blear my een wi' greetin'.  
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;  
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.  
*CODA.*—Aye wakin'. Oh!

# The Highland Watch.

*Spiritoso.*

PIANO. *f*

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain In all its wildest splendours! And welcome back the lads again, Your

*mf*

hon-our's dear de-fen-ders. Be ev-'ry harp and vi-ol strung, 'Till all the woodlands qua-ver; Of

many a band your bards have sung, But ne-ver hail'd a bra-ver. Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane, We're

*f*

all in key to cheer it; And let it be a martial strain, That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes  
 As virgin voice can sound them,  
 Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,  
 For glory kindles round them.  
 Small is the remnant you will see,  
 Lamented be the others!  
 But such a stem of such a tree,  
 Take to your arms like brothers.  
 Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Strike all our glen with wonder;  
 Let the chaunter yell, and the drone note swell,  
 Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock?  
 What wave your headlands shiver?  
 Long have they stood the tempest's shock,  
 Thou know'st they will for ever.  
 Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view,  
 Split by the wind and weather,  
 Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue,  
 Behind the nodding feather.  
 O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Our caps to the sky we'll send them,  
 Scotland, thy honour who can stain,  
 Thy laurels who can rend them!

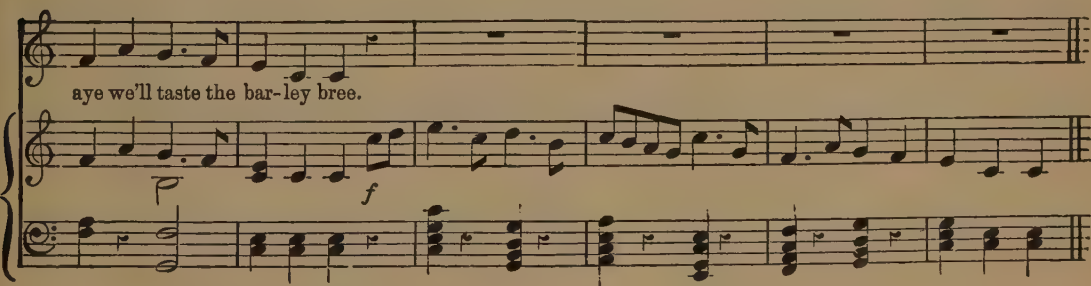
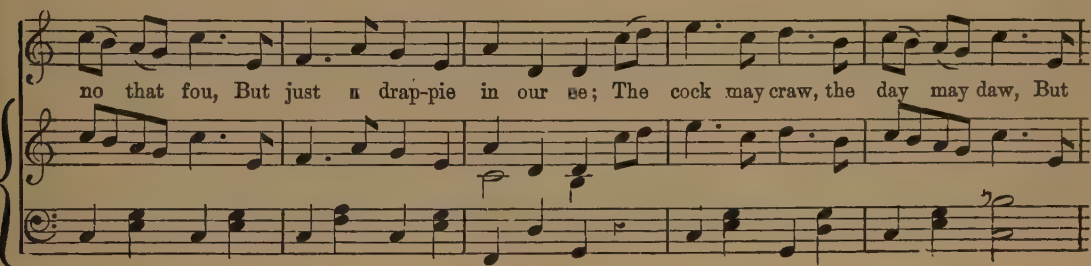
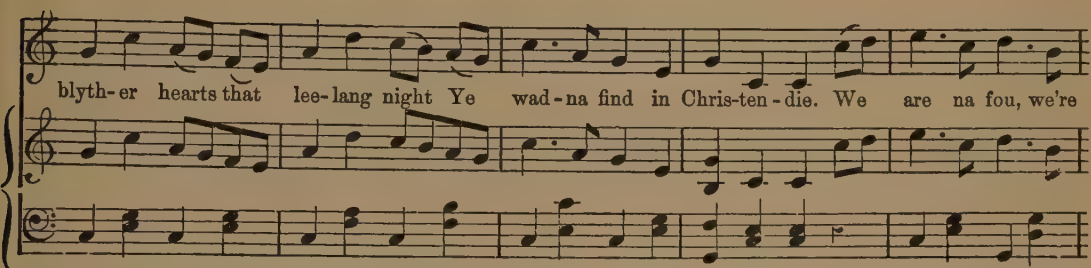
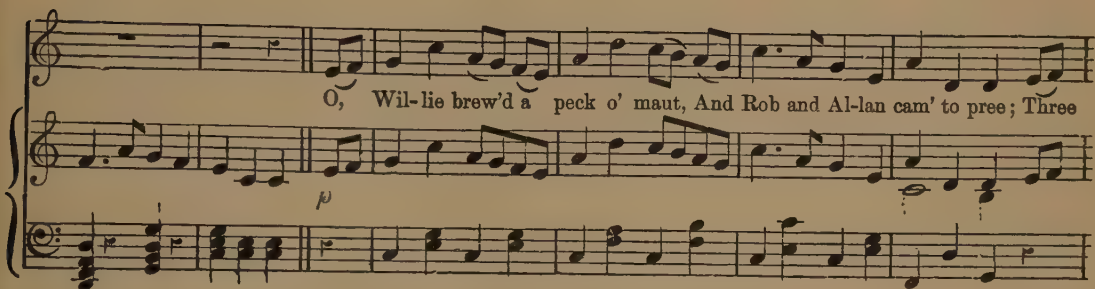
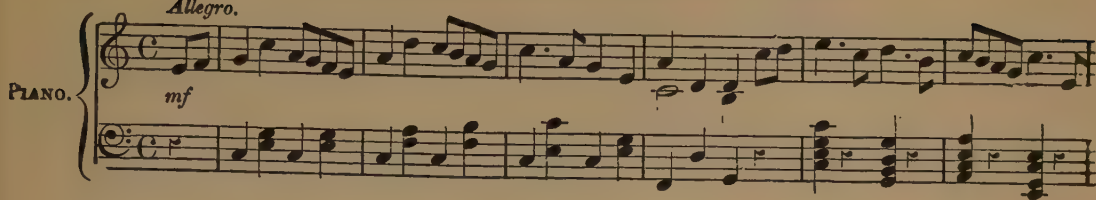


BURNS.

## O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*mf*

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be.  
 We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—  
 That's blinking in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.  
 We are na fou, etc.

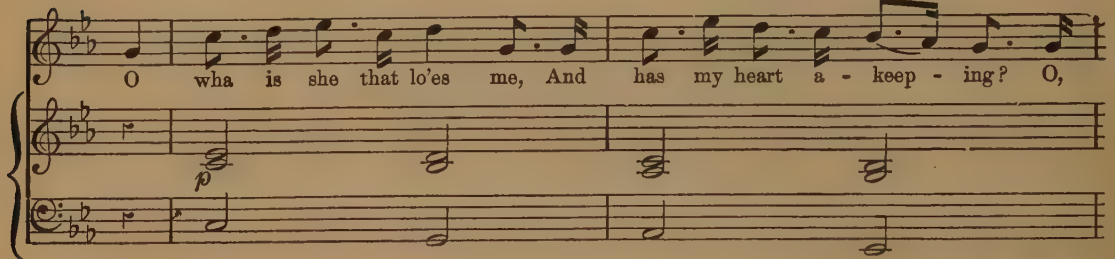
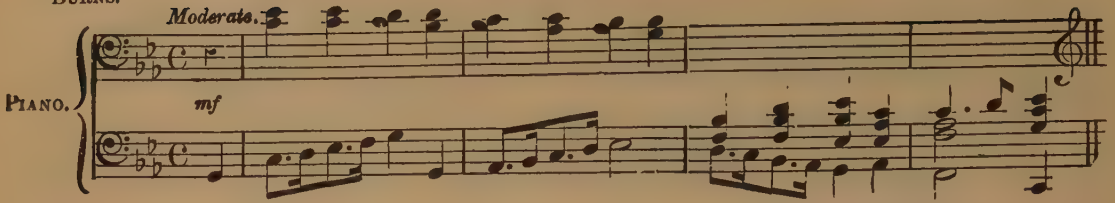
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa,  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 We are na fou. etc

## O, wha is she that lo'es me?

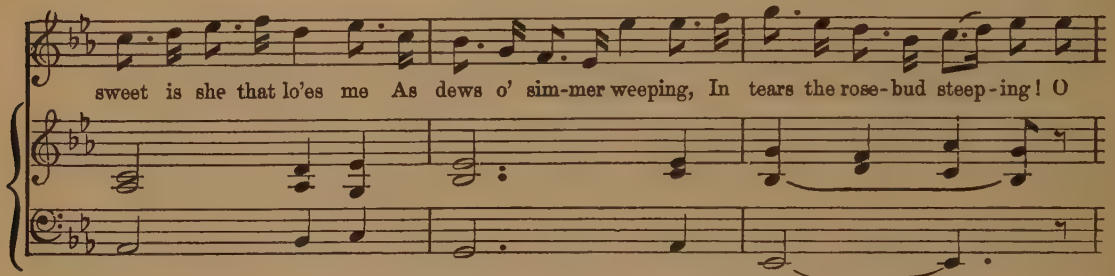
BURNS.

*Moderate.*

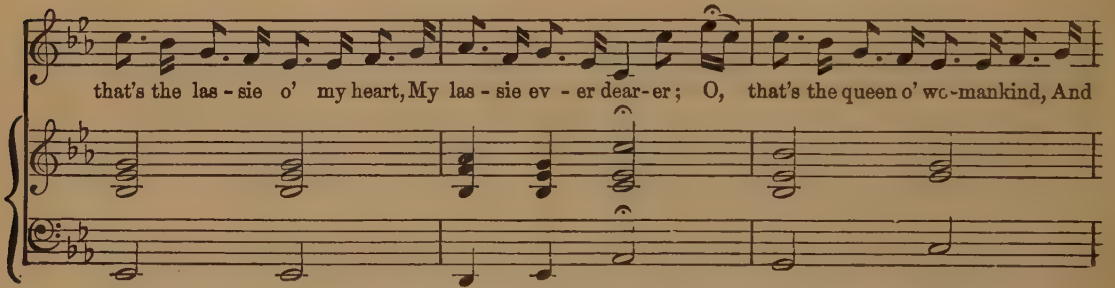
PIANO.

*mf*

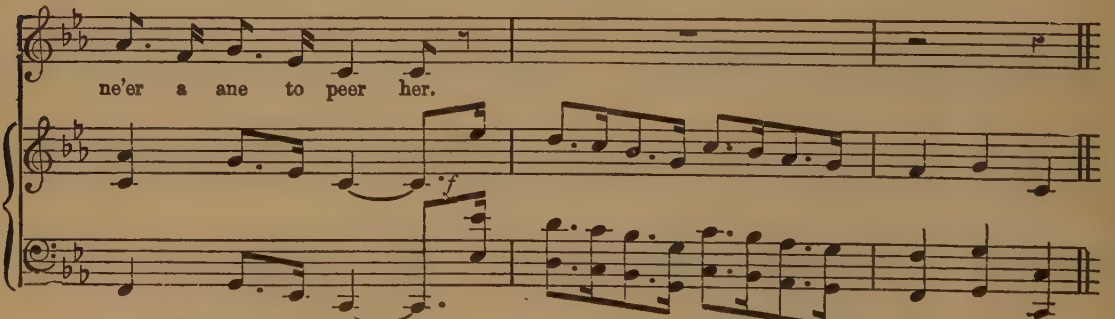
O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart a - keep - ing? O,



sweet is she that lo'es me As dews o' sim-mer weeping, In tears the rose-bud steep-ing! O



that's the las - sie o' my heart, My las - sie ev - er dear - er; O, that's the queen o' wc-mankind, And



ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Ere while thy breast sae warming  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;  
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking  
And thy attentions plighted,  
That ilka body talking  
But her by thee is slighted;  
And thou art all delighted;  
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one  
But her thou hast deserted,  
And thou art broken-hearted;  
O, that's the lassie, etc.

# What ails this heart o' mine?

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

*Largo.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. This is followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a flowing melody. The left hand (bass clef) plays a simple accompaniment of half notes, starting on G3 and moving up stepwise.

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa-t'ry e'e? What

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of half notes in the bass clef, starting on G3 and moving up stepwise.

gars me aye turn could as death When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a - wa Thou't

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of half notes in the bass clef, starting on G3 and moving up stepwise.

dear - er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan - cy jee.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of half notes in the bass clef, starting on G3 and moving up stepwise.

When I gae out at e'en  
Or walk at morning air,  
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,  
I us'd to meet thee there.  
Then I'll sit down and cry  
An' live aneath the tree,  
An' when a leaf fa's in my lap  
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r  
That thou wi' roses tied,  
An' where, wi' mony a blushing bud,  
I strove mysel' to hide.  
I'll doat on ilka spot  
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,  
An' ca' to mind some kindly word  
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts in my mind  
Time thro' the world may gae,  
And find my heart in twenty years  
The same as 'tis to-day.  
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul  
An' keep friends in the e'e;  
An' gin I think I see thee aye  
What can part thee and me?



## Tullochgorum.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f*

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried, And

*p*

lay your dis - putes a' a - side: What sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For

what's been done be - fore them. Let Whig and To - ry a' a - gree,

Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To

drop their Whig - mig - mo - rum, Let Whig and To - ry a a - gree To

spend the night with mirth and glee, And cheerfu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tulloch - go - rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sumpth that keeps up spite,  
     In conscience I abhor him.  
 For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
     And make a cheerfu' quorum.  
 For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance till we be like to fa'  
     The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
     For hauf-a-hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Wi' a' their variorum.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *Allegros*, and a' the rest:  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
     Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,  
 And silly sots themselves distress  
     Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,  
     Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
     To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
     And a' that's gude watch o'er him.  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 Peace and plenty be his lot,  
     And dainties a great store o' am!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
     That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool  
 Who loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
     And discontent devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
     And nane say, wae's me for him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
     The reel o' Tullochgorum!

# The blude red rose at Yule may blaw.

Partly by BURNS.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The sim - mer li - lies bloom in snaw, The  
frost may freeze the deep - est seas, But an auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me. To  
daun - ton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt - 'ring tongue, That  
is the thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
For a' his gowd and white monie,  
An auld man shall never daunt me.  
To daunt me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and gowes,  
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;  
But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
For an auld man shall never daunt me.  
To daunt me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,  
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,  
And the rain rains down frae his red bleard e'e—  
That auld man shall never daunt me.  
To daunt me, &c.



BURNS.

## A Rose-bud by my early walk.

*Affetuoso.*

PIANO. *p*

A rose - bud by my ear - ly walk A - down a corn in - clos - ed bawlk, Sae

gent - ly bent its thor - ry stalk All on a dew - y morn - ing. Ere

twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And

droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It scents the ear - ly morn - ing.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeannie fair!  
On trembling string, or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.  
So, thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parents' evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

## Corn rigs are bonnie

BURNS.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.

*f* *giocoso.*

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively melody. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

It was up - on a Lam - mas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, Be

*p*

 The first vocal line spans two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and contains the melody with the lyrics "It was up - on a Lam - mas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, Be". The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo and key signature remain consistent with the introduction.

- neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie: The

 The second vocal line continues the melody on two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and contains the lyrics "- neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie: The". The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

time flew by wi tent - less heed Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi

 The third vocal line continues the melody on two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and contains the lyrics "time flew by wi tent - less heed Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi". The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley

 The fourth and final vocal line on this page spans two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and contains the lyrics "sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley". The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system also has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves, with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third system has a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and harmonic accompaniment.

Corn rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon - nie; I'll

ne'er for - get that hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

*f*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly;  
 I set her down wi' right good-will  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 I kent her heart was a' my ain,  
 I loved her most sincerely;  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, *etc.*

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,  
 Her heart was beating rarely;  
 My blessing on that happy place  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 But, by the moon and stars so bright  
 That shone that hour so clearly,  
 She aye shall bless that happy night  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, *etc.*

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,  
 I hae been merry drinkin';  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,  
 I hae been happy thinkin';  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a'  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, *etc.*

NOTE.—Another version of this song, with words by Dr. Charles Mackay, will be found on the next page.

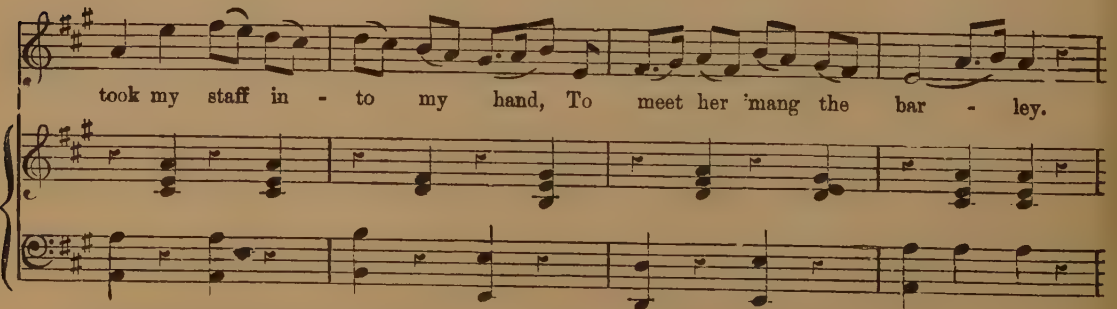
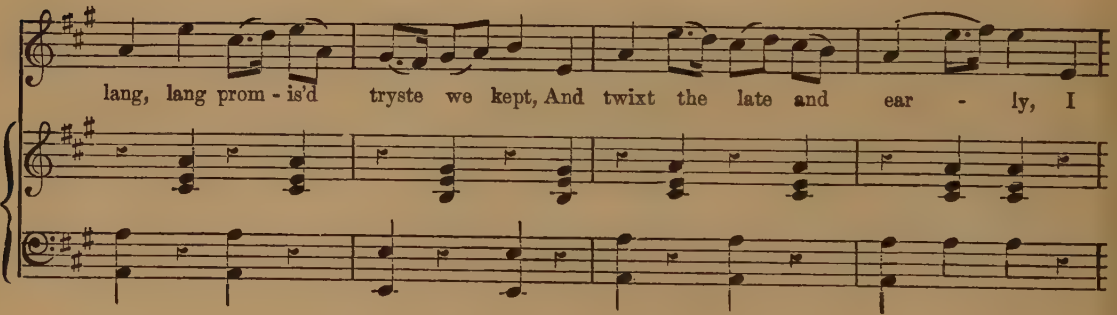
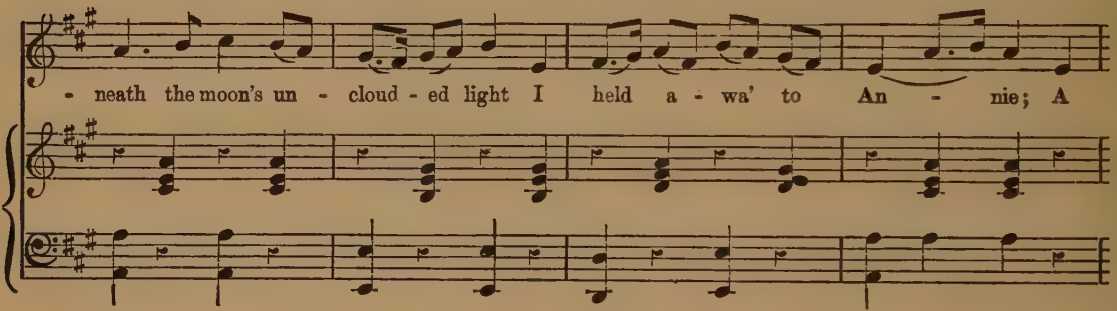
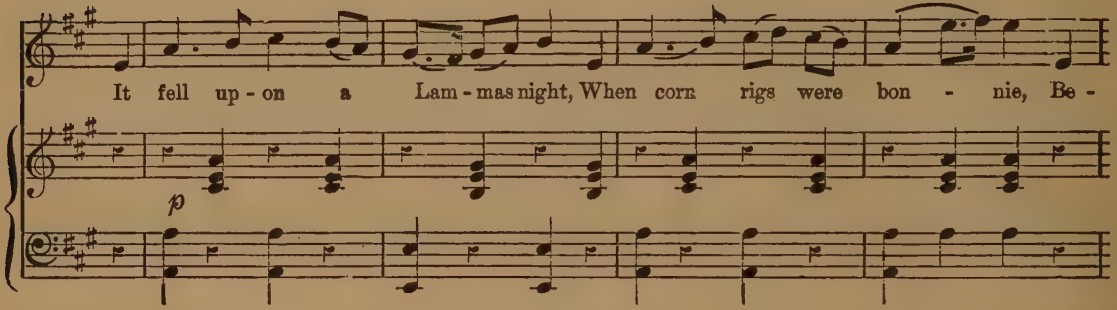
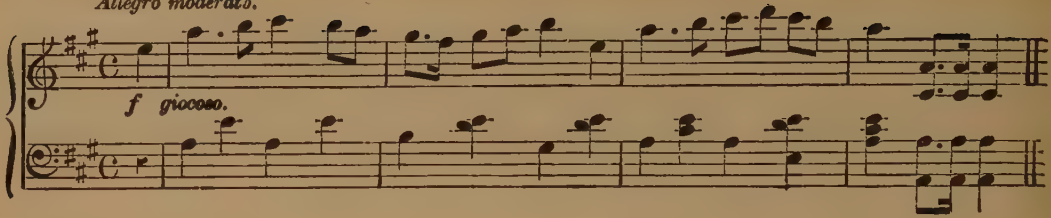


# Corn rigs are bonnie.\*

CHARLES MACKAY.

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO.



\* As the prevalent idea of this fine song—as originally written by Robert Burns—renders it unfit to be sung by ladies, or in the company of ladies, a modern version, retaining as much of the old lines as was possible, is here printed.

Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs, And corn rigs are bon - nie; I'll

ne'er for - get that hap - py night A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

The sky was blue, the winds were still,  
 The moon was shining clearly,  
 I proffered her baith heart and hand,  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 I vowed my heart was a' her ain,  
 I swore to love her dearly;  
 And bade her name the happy day.  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs and barley rigs, etc.

She named the day, the first o' May,  
 Her heart was beating rarely;  
 My blessings on her bonnie face,  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 And since that time, in storm or shine,  
 'Tis twenty summers fairly;  
 We've never rued our wooin' time  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs and barley rigs, etc

## John Grumlie.

Ancient and anonymous.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

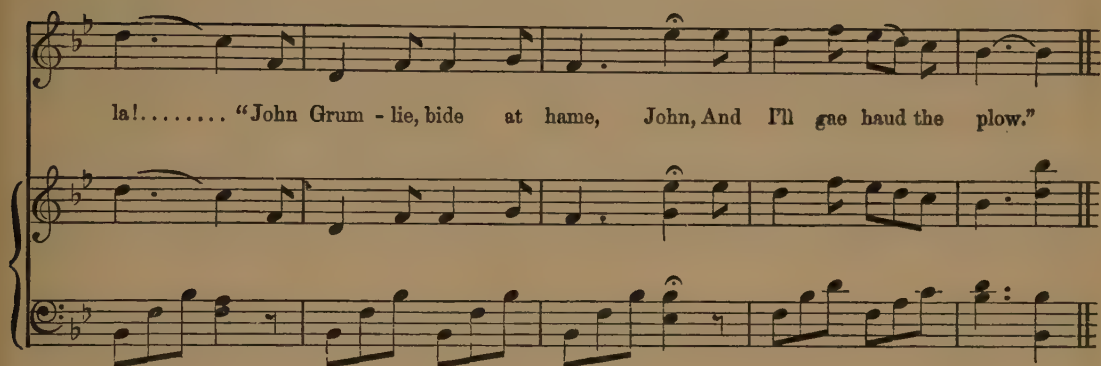
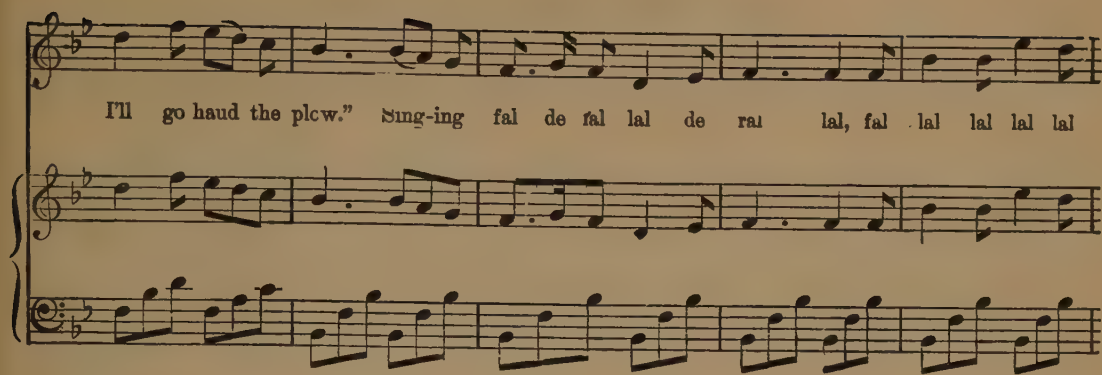
The first vocal line begins on the second staff. The melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "John Grum-lie swore by the light o' the moon And the" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking appearing in the middle of the system.

The second vocal line continues the melody on the third staff. The lyrics "green leaves on the tree,..... That he could do more work in a day Than his" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment remains in the bass clef.

The third vocal line continues the melody on the fourth staff. The lyrics "wife could do in three..... His wife rose up in the morn - ing Wi'" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef.

The fourth vocal line concludes the melody on the fifth staff. The lyrics "cares and trou-bles e - now;..... 'John Grum - lie, bide at hame, John, And" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef.





"First ye maun dress your children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear,  
And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.  
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll a' lay away."  
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

O, he did dress his children fair,  
And he put them a' in their gear;  
But he forg'ot to turn the malt,  
And so he spoiled the beer.  
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday;  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
And the hens a' lay'd away.  
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;  
He kirked, nor butter gat;  
And a' gaed wrang, and naught gaed right;  
He danced with rage, and grat.  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,  
Wi' mony a wave and shout—  
She heard him as she heard him not.  
And steered the stots about.  
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,  
And laugh'd as she'd been mad  
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,  
And John sae glum and sad.  
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifeskep,  
I'll be nae mair gudewife."  
"Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,  
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."  
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

"The deil be in that," quo' surly John,  
"I'll do as I've done before."  
Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung,  
And John made off to the door.  
"Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,  
I ken I'm sair to blame;  
But henceforth I maun mind the plow,  
And ye maun bide at hame."  
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

## The braes aboon Bonaw.

WM. GILFILLAN.

*Moderato.*

Wilt thou go, my bonnie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my  
 braw las-sie, Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo - naw, las-sie? Tho'  
 Do-nald hae nae mic-kle fraise Wi' Law-land speeches fine, las-sie, What he'll im-part comes  
 frae the heart, Sae let it be from thine, las-sie.

*Piano.*

\* When simmer days cleed a' the braes  
 Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,  
 At milking shiel we'll join the reel,  
 My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, etc.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
 The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;  
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,  
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, etc.

For trout and par, wi' cannie care  
 I'll wily skim the flee, lassie;  
 Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,  
 Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, etc.

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,  
 Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,  
 Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share  
 Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.\*  
 Wilt thou go, etc.

## Barbara Allan.

Ancient and anonymous.

*Larghetto.*

It was

PIANO.

in and about the Mart-'mas time, When the green leaves were a - fall-in', That Sir John Graham, in the

west coun-trie, Fell in love wi' Bar-b'ra Al-lan. He sent his man down through the town To the

place where she was dwallin', O, haste and come to my mas-ter dear, Gin ye be Bar-b'ra Al-lan.

O, slowly, slowly went she up,  
To the place where he was lyin',  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,  
And it's a' for Barbara Allan;  
O, the better for me ye'se never be  
Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'.

O, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,  
When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slichtit Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealin';  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And sighin', said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',  
And every jow the deid-bell g'ied,  
It cried, Wae to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother mak' my bed,  
And mak' it saft and narrow;  
Since my love died for me to-day  
I'll die for him to-morrow.



## My ain kind Dearie, O.

Anonymous.

*Moderato*

Air traditional.

PIANO,

*mf*

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind.... dear-ie, O? Will

ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dear-ie, O? Gin ye'll tak heart and gang wi' me, Mis-

- hap will nev-er steer ye, O; Gude luck lies o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dear-ie, O.

There's wealth o'er yon green learig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 There's wealth o'er yon green learig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 It's neither land, nor gowd, nor braws,  
 Let them gang tapseyteerie, O!  
 It's wealth o' peace, o' love, and truth.  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

NOTE.—Another version of this song, with words by Burns, will be found on the next page

# My ain kind Dearie, O.

BURNS.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

When o'er the hill the east-ern star Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo; And

ow-sen frae the furrow'd field Re-turn sae dōw and wea-ry, O; Down by the burn where scented birks Wi'

dew are hang-ing clear, my jo; I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind.. dear-ie, O!

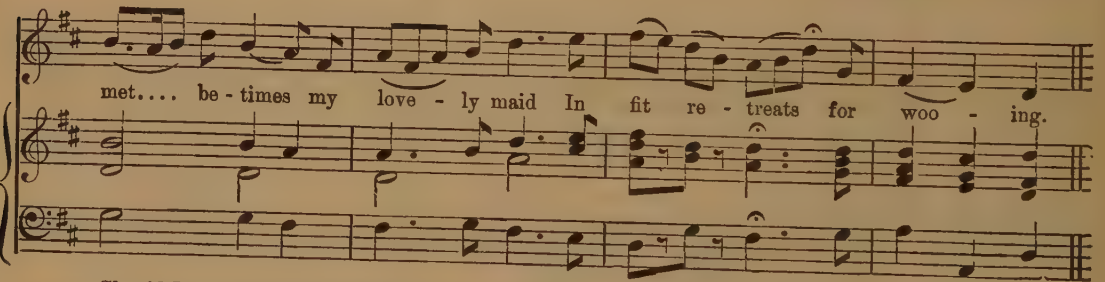
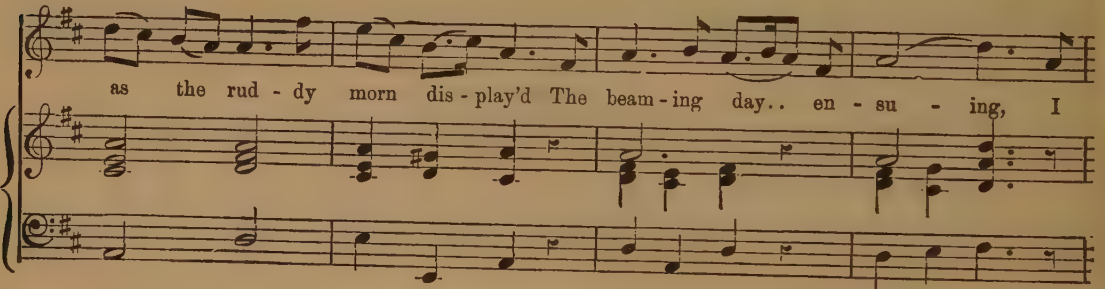
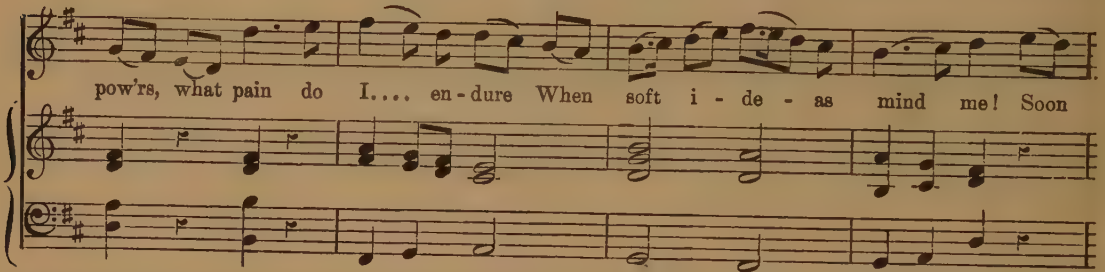
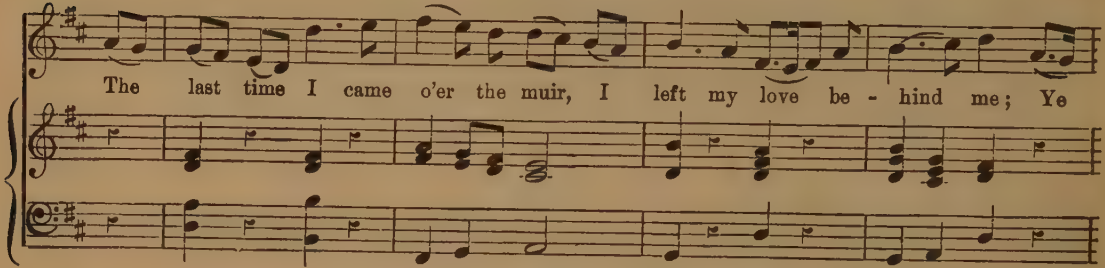
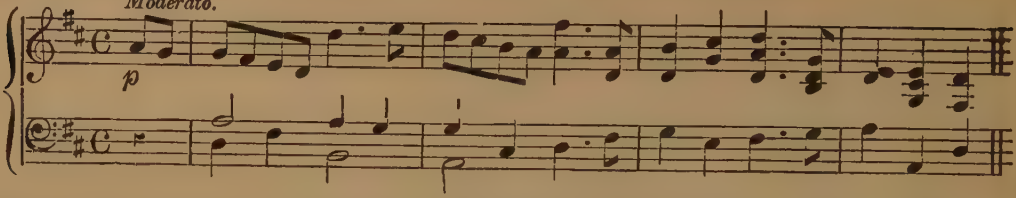
In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;  
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter loes the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
 It mak's my heart sae cheerie, O  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O:

# ALLAN RAMSAY. The last time I came o'er the muir.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.



Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me,  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me;  
Yet hopes again to see my love,  
Unalter'd, true, and tender,  
Shall make my care at distance move,  
Where'er I'm doom'd to wander.

In all my soul there's not one place  
To let a rival enter;  
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
In her my love shall centre.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
She shall a lover find me;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
To her I left behind me.  
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom;  
There, while my being doth remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.



## My jo Janet.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

**PIANO.** *f*

O, sweet sir, for your cour - te - sie, When ye come by the Bass then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy

me a keek-in'-glass then. Keek in - to the draw - well, Ja - net,... Ja - net; And

there ye'll see your bon-nie sel', My jo.... Ja - net.

But keekin in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I fa' in, sir?  
 Then a' my kin will say and swear  
 I drown'd mysel' for sin, sir.  
 Hand the better by the brae,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Hand the better by the brae,  
 My jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,  
 Comin' through Aberdeen then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair o' sheen then.  
 Clout the auld—the new are dear,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Ae pair may gain ye half a year.  
 My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,  
 An' skippin' like a mawkin,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be taukin'.  
 Dance ay laigh, an' late at e'en,  
 Janet, Janet,  
 Syne a' their faults will no be seen.  
 My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the cross then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse, then.  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,  
 Janet, Janet,  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel.  
 My jo Janet.

# GLOSSARY.

## A

A'	all.
Abeigh	aloof.
Aboon	above.
Ae	one.
Aff	off.
Aiblins	perhaps.
Aik	oak.
Ain	own.
Airle penny, erles	the earnest money.
Airts	ways, directions.
Ajee	half-open.
Alane	alone.
Amaist	almost.
An	and.
Ance	once.
Ane	one.
Asklent	awry.
Asse	ashes.
Atween	between.
Aught	anything.
Auld	old.
Ava	at all.
Awa	away.
Ayont	beyond

## B

Bairn	infant, child.
Baith	both.
Bannocks	cakes.
Bassened, bawsand	a horse having a white spot in the forehead.
Bauk	cross-beam.
Bawbee	half-penny.
Ben (opposite to Butt)	towards the inner apartment of a house.
Bickers	small wooden bowls.
Bien	well stored, comfortable.
Binged	bowed, made obeisance.
Bike	a bee's or wasp's nest.
Birk	birch.
Birkie	a boastful, forward, lively young fellow.
Birr	force, noise.
Bladder-skate	a foolish talker.
Blate	modest, unassuming.
Blaw	blow.
Blin'	blind.
Blythe	happy, joyous.
Bobb'd or bobbit	danced, curtsied.
Bocht	bought.
Bodin'	foreboding.
Bogie	bog.

Bogle	spectre, hobgoblin.
Brae	slope, hill-side.
Braid	broad.
Brak	broke.
Braw	fine, smart, handsome.
Braws	fine dress, ornaments.
Brawny	streaked color, brown & black.
Brekans	ferns.
Brent	high, smooth, unwrinkled.
Broe, bree	soup, the liquor in which anything is boiled.
Buckle to	to join in marriage.
Bughts	sheep-folds.
Buiks	books.
Bumbee	the humblebee.
Burn, burnie	brook, streamlet.
Busk	dress, get ready.
Buss	bush.
Butt (opposite to Ben)	towards the outer apartment of a house.
Byre	cow-house.

## C

Ca'	call, drive.
Caller	fresh.
Canna	cannot.
Cannie	quiet, cautious.
Cannilie	carefully.
Cantie	happy, joyous.
Carle, Carlie	old man.
Cauf	calf.
Cauld	cold.
Cauldrife	chilly, cold.
Chanter	the musical pipe of the bag-pipe.
Chiel	a fellow.
Chimley-cheek	fireside.
Claes	clothing.
Clamb	climbed.
Claut	handful.
Claymore	a two-handed sword.
Clead	clothe.
Clout	mend.
Cluds	clouds.
Cogie	a small wooden bowl.
Coft	bought.
Coom	soot, smoke.
Cowte	colt.
Crack	talk.
Cramasie	crimson.
Crap	creeped.
Creel	basket.

Creepie .....	a low stool.
Crouse .....	happy, cozy.
Crummie .....	a cow with one horn.
Cuif, coof .....	a silly feeble person.
Cuist, coost .....	cost.
Cuitered .....	coddled.
Custocks .....	cabbage stalks

## D

Daddie .....	father
Daff .....	to make sport.
Daft .....	silly, mad, foolish.
Dang .....	upset, overthrow.
Daur .....	dare.
Daut .....	to dote upon.
Daw .....	dawn.
Dee .....	die.
Deuk .....	duck.
Dighted .....	wiped.
Dinna .....	do not.
Dochter .....	daughter.
Douce .....	sedate, sober.
Douff .....	dull, stupid.
Dowie .....	spiritless, dull.
Downa .....	dare not.
Drap, drappie .....	drop.
Dree .....	bear.
Drone .....	the bass pipe of the bag-pipe.
Drumlie .....	muddy.
Drouth .....	thirst.
Dule .....	grief.
Dubs .....	dirty pools.
Dunted .....	thumped, beaten, struck.
Dyke .....	wall.

## E

Ear' .....	early.
Ee .....	eye.
Een .....	eyes.
E'en .....	even, evening.
Eerie .....	nervous, afraid.
Eries .....	earnest money

## F

Fa .....	fall.
Fa .....	try.
Fain .....	glad.
Farin .....	fare, food.
Fashed .....	troubled.
Fashions .....	troublesome.
Faulding .....	folding.
Fause .....	false.
Fecht .....	fight.
Ferlie .....	wonderful.
Fidgin .....	being restless.
Fit .....	foot.
Fleeched .....	implored.
Fleg .....	a sudden fright.
Flee .....	fly.
Fogie .....	old wifeish, dull.
Forgie .....	forgive.
Forbye .....	besides.
Fou .....	tipsy.
Foumart .....	polecat.
Fourpit .....	quarter peck.
Frae .....	from.
Fraise .....	talk, speech.
Fu' .....	full

## G

Gaed .....	went.
Gane .....	gone
Gang, gae .....	go
Gar .....	make, cause.
Gate .....	road.
Gaucy .....	plump, jolly.
Gaun .....	going
Gear .....	goods, wealth.
Gee .....	pet, temper.
Ghaist .....	ghost.
Gie, gien .....	give, gave, given.
Gin .....	if.
Girr, girred .....	hoop, hooped.
Glaiket .....	giddy.
Gleg .....	sharp, quick of perception.
Gleib, glebe .....	a piece of land.
Glent .....	gleam, flash.
Gloamin' .....	evening twilight.
Glower .....	look, stare.
Gowan .....	daisy.
Gowd .....	gold.
Gowk .....	cuckoo, a fool.
Grat .....	cried, wept.
Gree .....	pre-eminence.
Greet .....	cry, weep.
Grip, gripped .....	catch, caught.
Gude, guid .....	good.
Gudeman .....	husband.
Gudewife .....	wife.

## H

Ha .....	hall.
Haddin .....	a holding of land.
Hae .....	have.
Haith ! .....	an ejaculation.
Hallan-shaker .....	a sturdy vagrant.
Hale .....	whole.
Han', haun' .....	hand.
Happity .....	lame, hopping.
Haud .....	hold.
Hauf .....	half.
Haughs .....	low lying ground by a river side.
Hawse .....	throat.
Haw .....	hawthorn
Heich .....	high.
Heuch .....	a hollow, a glen.
Hirsel .....	flock.
Hizzie, huzzie .....	hussy.
Hoddin .....	cloth, natural colour of the wool.
Hool .....	busk.
Howe .....	hollow.
Howlet, hoolet .....	owl.
Hunner .....	hundred.
Hurklin .....	crouching, drawing near.
Husswyfskip .....	household work.

## I

Ilk, ilka .....	each, every.
Ingle .....	fireside.
Ither .....	other.

## J

Jad, jade .....	a vixen.
Jee .....	turn aside.
Jell .....	jelly.
Jo, joe .....	sweetheart, a beloved one
Jouks .....	goes in and out



## K

Kail .....	cabbage broth.
Kame .....	comb.
Kebbuck .....	cheese.
Keil .....	red chalk.
Ken .....	know
Kimmer ..	a gossiping neighbour
Kirk .....	church.
Kirn .....	churn.
Kirtle .....	a short, upper gown.
Kist .....	chest, trunk.
Knowes.....	knolls.
Kurtch .....	a handkerchief tied over the head.
Kye, kine .....	cows, cattle.

## L

Laird.....	landlord.
Laigh .....	low.
Lang .....	long.
Lang syne.....	long ago.
Lave .....	rest, others.
Laverock .....	lark.
Leal .....	true, honest, just, loyal
Leurig .....	the unploughed field.
Lee lang .....	live-long.
Lilt .....	song.
Linn .....	a deep pool under a water-fall.
Linties .....	linnets.
Lo'e .....	love.
Loof, luif .....	open hand.
Loon .....	a scoundrel.
Loot .....	let.
Loup, loupin'g .....	leap, leaping.
Lowe.....	flame, fire.
Lugs .....	ears.

## M

Mair .....	more.
Mammie .....	mother.
Marrow.....	a betrothed, or spouse.
Maukin. ..	a hare.
Maun, maunna.....	must, must not.
Mant. ....	malt.
Mav's .....	thrush.
Merk.....	a Scotch coin.
Micht .....	might.
Mickle ..	much, great
Minnie .....	mother.
Mirk .....	dark.
Misshanter .....	misfortune.
Mony .....	many.
Mou' .....	mouth.
Moudiewarts .....	moles.
Muckle .....	much, great.
Muir .....	moor.
Murlin .....	a shoulder-basket
Mutch .....	a cap.

## N

Na.....	no.
Nae .....	no, not.
Naggies .....	young horses
Nane.....	none.
Nicht.....	night.
Niest.....	next.

Nocht .....	nothing.
Noddin' ("we're a' noddin'").....	happy, joyous.
Noo .....	now.
Norlan .....	northern.

## O

O' .....	of.
O'ercome .....	burden, subject.
Ony .....	any.
Owre, ower .....	over.
Owsen .....	oxen.

## P

Paidl't .....	paddled, waded.
Papped .....	popped down.
Parritch .....	oatmeal porridge.
Pawkie .....	sly.
Philabeg .....	kilt.
Pibroch .....	a peculiar kind of bag-pipe music.
Plack.....	a copper coin.
Plenishin .....	furnishing.
Plough .....	plough.
Port .....	gate.
Pow .....	head.
Pree .....	try, taste.
Puddins .....	sausages.
Pu'd, pu'in ..	pulled, pulling.
Puir .....	poor.
Puirtith.....	poverty.
Pund.....	pound.

## Q

Quaich .....	a drinking cup.
Quean .....	young woman
Quey.....	young cow.

## R

Racklehanded .....	careless, rash.
Rigs .....	ridges.
Rin, rinnin' .....	run, running.
Rock .....	part of the spinning wheel on which the flax is rolled.
Rokely ..	a short cloak.
Routh ..	plenty.
Rye .....	The Ryle, a river in Ayrshire

## S

Sae .....	so
Saft .....	soft.
Sair .....	sore.
Sangster .....	songster.
Sark .....	shirt.
Saughs .....	willows.
Saul .....	soul.
Saut .....	salt.
Sax .....	six.
Scaud .....	scald.
Sey .....	silk.
Shaws .....	flat ground under steep braes
Shawing .....	shewing.
Sheet, shiel, shieling..	a hut for temporary shelter.
Shoon .....	shoes.
Sic, siccan .....	such.

Sic-like.....	thus.
Siller.....	silver.
Simmer.....	summer.
Sin syne .....	since then.
Skaithless.....	harmless.
Skeigh .....	shy, saucy.
Skaith .....	hurt, damage.
Slaes .....	sloes.
Sma' .....	small.
Smooored .....	smothered.
Snood .....	a ribbon which binds a girl's hair.
Snool.....	to snub, to keep in subjection.
Sonsy .....	handsome, plump.
Souk .....	drink, suck.
Soup .....	drop, a small quantity of liquid.

Speer, speir .....	ask.
Spence ..	parlour.
Stane.....	stone.
Steer.....	stir, disturb.
Stended.....	sprang.
Stirk .....	a young ox.
Stown .....	stolen.
Stoup .....	a measure or pot.
Stoure .....	dust in motion.
Stow, stown.. ..	stole, stolen.
Stoun .....	a pang of pain.
Strak.....	struck.
Straked. ....	struck, joined.
Samph ..	a soft stupid fellow.
Sweer .....	reluctant, unwilling
Syne sin' .....	since then.

## T

Taen .....	taken.
Tap .....	a top, a bundle.
Tappit .....	crested.
Tapsalteerie.....	topsy-turvy.
Tedding out.....	spreading out.
Telt, telled, tauld ..	told.
Tent .....	attend, take care.
Tentless .....	careless.
The ither or tither ..	the other.
Thirl'd .....	thrilled.
Thocht .....	thought.
Thole .....	bear.
Thowless .....	listless.
Thraw .....	twist.
Thretty.....	thirty.
Thistles .....	thistles.
Thuds .....	beats, strikes.
Till .....	to.
Till't .....	to it.
Timmer.....	timber.
Tint .....	lost.
Tirled .....	twirled, twisted.
Tittie .....	little sister.

Tocher .....	dowry.
Toom .....	empty.
Toun.....	town, village.
Trig .....	neat.

## U

Unco.....	very, extraordinary.
Uncannie ...	unsafe, dangerous, bewitched

## V

Vogie ..	vain.
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## W

Wab .....	web.
Wad .....	would.
Wad ..	wed, marry.
Wae, waefu'... ..	sad, sorrowful.
Waes.....	woes.
Wakin ..	waken.
Wald.....	would.
Walloch .....	a kind of dance.
Wallop in a tow .....	be hung in a rope.
Wale.....	pick, choice.
Waly..	sadly.
Wan .....	won.
Wark .....	work.
Warl', warld .....	world.
Warlock .....	a witch.
Wat, wot .....	know.
Waukin .....	watching.
Waur .....	worse.
Wearin' .....	wearing.
Wede .....	weeded.
Wee .....	little, small.
Weel.....	well.
Westlin.....	from the west.
Whaursoer .....	wheresoever.
Whaur .....	where.
Whuds .....	nimble movement.
Wi' .....	with.
Willy-waught .....	a good large draught.
Wilt na, winna .....	will not.
Winsome .....	engaging, handsome.
Wist, wist na .....	knew, knew not.
Wons .....	dwells.
Wrang .....	wrong.
Wyle.....	allure.
Wyte .....	blame.

## Y

Yade.....	an old mare.
Yestreen .....	yestereven.
Yett .....	gate.
Yon .....	that, yonder.







